ATOMIC POWER: The Challenge

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CONTENTS

THE NEWS IN REVIEW . . . . Page 122
ERNEST BEVIN'S NIGHTMARE 124
THE CHALLENGE OF ATOMIC POWER . . . 126
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 127
PEACE IN OUR TIME. By Sagittarius . . 128
THIS ENGLAND 128
ALL WRONG ABOUT THE ARCTIC. By Ritchie Calder 128
KRUSHCHEV, BERIA AND TITO 130
THE YEAR OF THE GOOD HAY. By Naomi Mitchison 130
AN ORDINARY REGATTA. By Len Ortzen . . 131

THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: Page
Gentle Musings. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 132
Social Realism and the Young. By John Berger 133
Zorin, Eliot and Fry. By William Salter . 134
Luis Bunuel. By William Whitebait . . 134
CORRESPONDENCE 135
From K. Zilliacus, M.P.; M. Harris; George Wallerston; John D. Hue; C. F. Stuart Russell; Sir Stanley Unwin; Peter Green; E. B. Cohen.
BOOKS IN GENERAL:
Ernest Hemingway. By V. S. Pritchett . 137
THE TALK. By James Reeves 138

REVIEWS: Page
Litvinov Speaks—Or Does He? By A. J. P. Taylor 138
The Kingdom of Kindness. By Maurice Richardson 138
Born to Dig. By Jacquetta Hawkes . . 139
Grace Abounding. By John Jones . . 140
Our Medieval Sculpture. By Joan Evans . 140
New Novels. By John Raymond . . . 141
Brave New Worlds. By Walter Allen . . 142
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West 143
WEEK-END COMPETITION 145
THE CHESS BOARD. By Assiac 146
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square . . 146

Mr. Butler Blows Hot and Cold

THE nation has begun to pay the bill for the Tory election campaign. The Chancellor's vote-catching Budget hastened the reckoning by giving new stimulus to the forces already unleashed by the doctrinaire "dash for freedom." In the last three years, the economy has been released from all direct control. With the natural results. Production and exports have risen more sluggishly than under the Labour Government. Yet consumption has increased rapidly—and so have imports—and wages, prices and dividends have chased each other up the familiar spiral. Rising prices are the best index of this Government's failure in economic policy. In both West Germany and the U.S., prices have levelled off and even fallen slightly since 1951. In Britain, they have risen by thirty per cent. No wonder that there is pressure on sterling and British exporters find competition increasingly difficult.

All this time, Mr. Butler has tried to keep things in hand by monetary policy alone. But dear money is not enough; the Chancellor falls back on exhortation. Since the monetary mechanism has failed to squeeze credit tightly enough, the banks are told piously to make substantial reductions in their advances, and industry, similarly, is urged to co-operate in the economy drive. But will this plea—disregarded since the first touch of the brake in February—be heeded now? The banks cannot logically be blamed if they fail to give full co-operation to a Chancellor who has vacillated between dearer money and Budget generosity, and who, in any case, has urged private enterprise to invest in the success of a profitable free-for-all.

In fact, having jettisoned the controls which could hold down inflationary pressures, the Government is bound to seek economies in the public sector. There, at least, it knows that its writ will run. Nationalised industries will not disregard Government directives, nor can local authorities, who depend upon Government money and must, in such matters as education, roads and housing, secure Ministry approval for their projects. The social services, moreover, are under direct Treasury control. Since a Tory Chancellor cannot intervene directly in the private sector, Tory deflationary policy, as in the past, can be no more than a combination of dear money and the Treasury axe.

Such faith in the classic remedy was bad enough in the inter-war years, when the terms of trade were favourable and Britain had a steady investment income from overseas. Today, when the absence of effective import controls throws internal inflation directly on to an adverse trade balance, it is a clumsy and probably ineffective way of reducing imports and expanding exports.

It is true that Mr. Butler has insisted that the development plans for coal, oil, nuclear power and the railways are to go ahead. But it is simply a play on words to suggest that "slowing down" investment plans is somehow different from cutting them. And when capital investment in this country is already too low, how can it be cut "without doing harm?" If Britain is to hold its place in the world and escape from the inflationary cycle, it needs the increased and cheaper production that can only come from large-scale investment. And that is precisely what Tory economic policy cannot achieve, or at least cannot do selectively, because it has no means of planning. Mr. Butler's method is to blow hot and cold.

For the Labour Party, once it has recovered from the self-satisfaction of being proved right, Mr. Butler's failure is a challenge. Is Labour brave enough, can its public propaganda be skilful enough, to fight for a really large-scale investment programme, even though this may mean temporary curbs on easy living? For this, in the long run, is the crux of our national problem. Labour has become timid because it fears that it has become identified in the public mind with negative controls. It should, on the contrary, prove that it is the one truly expansionist party.

The News in Review

At Home

Market reactions to the Chancellor's policy statement have been instructive. The sterling exchange rate showed an immediate recovery: Mr. Butler's unequivocal announcement that he had no intention of devaluing the pound, or allowing it to "float" with a lower official support level, led to rapid closing of speculative open positions by "bears" of sterling in New York and on the Continent. In London, movements of industrial shares suggest that, in the City's opinion, neither the new restrictions on hire purchase nor the Chancellor's appeal to the banks for a stricter curb on lending, will do much to slow down the present boom in production and profits. After a sharp fall on Monday, before Mr. Butler's speech, industrial shares began to recover on Tuesday; and at the close of business the *Financial Times* index for industrial equities showed a fall of less than 4 per cent. from the peak reached last week. The index is still 40 per cent. higher than a year ago. On the other hand, gilt-edged securities continued the decline set in motion by the rise in Bank rate last February. The index for this class of security is now nearly 14 per cent. lower than at this time last year; and the market, expecting that the July gold reserve figures will make a bad showing, is clearly nervous. It fears that the Chancellor, facing the seasonal pressure on sterling during the autumn, may feel compelled to raise Bank rate still further. Indeed, it is arguable that only by so doing, and by forcing gilt-edged prices down to a level at which the joint stock banks would be reluctant to sell investments, can Mr. Butler be certain of reversing the present tendency for bank advances to go on expanding despite higher interest rates.

If there is one sector of the economy in which curtailment of capital investment would be completely suicidal, it is coal mining. The Government's announcement, last week, that coal exports are to be drastically cut was realistic in the sense that it is absurd to make a loss of nearly £20m. a year in order to export 11m. tons of coal while importing over 12m. tons. But though cutting both sides of this peculiar account will help the balance of foreign payments and improve the N.C.B.'s finances, the necessity for some exports will remain until our output of coal increases; fuel-saving is unlikely to bridge completely the gap between static production and steadily rising consumption. Moreover, it is vitally important to replace by cheaper output the 2m. tons of "marginal" coal which is now raised by the N.C.B. at an extravagant cost which has to be borne (in averaged prices) by all consumers. For these reasons it is essential that the Board's development programme—on which long-term prospects of higher output are dependent—should be pursued with vigour and not stinted for money.

The Government's decision to leave in public ownership the trunk road services now operated by the British Transport Commission was justified by the Minister in last week's Commons debate by reference to the "increased efficiency and scope" of these services, and the "good service" they are rendering to industry and commerce. So, no doubt, they are. But the charge against the Government hitherto has been twofold; first, that it was breaking up an efficiently run public service for the doctrinaire purpose of restoring private profit to the industry; and, secondly, that it was throwing away the only effective instrument for creating an economically planned and integrated national transport service. The new decision obviously goes some way to meet the first of these charges. How far does it go to meet the second? It is foolish to claim that as a result of the heavy capital burden of the railways long-distance road haulage should be run merely as a subsidiary to a (perhaps less efficient) railway service. But what then should be the relation between the two?

Overseas

The U.S. Government this week agreed to direct negotiations with China, on the ambassadorial level, about the repatriation of Americans held in China and the Chinese students still seeking repatriation from the U.S. This is a step forward from the talks that have been going on quietly for a year between the consuls in Switzerland, and though the agenda for the envoys' meeting in Geneva on August 1 is cautiously limited, it undoubtedly opens the way for more realistic relations between two of the Great Powers which do not officially recognise each other. Significantly, the announcement came immediately after Senator George—whose call for top-level talks just preceded the Administration's decision to meet the Russians at Geneva—had appeared on television to urge a meeting, possibly between Mr. Dulles and Chou En-lai, "within six months." This, he said, should discuss all "outstanding differences." The U.S. it seems, is moving slowly towards common sense in China policy. Mr. Dulles, indeed, intends that the touchy subject of the Formosa "truce" shall be raised at the meeting.

The Colonial Secretary will find himself confronted with a very delicate situation when he arrives in Singapore next Tuesday. Mr. David Marshall's Labour Front coalition has clashed head on with the Governor, Sir Robert Black, on the central issue of the Governor's discretionary powers. The immediate dispute—whether or not the Governor should approve the appointment of four Junior Ministers—is in itself a comparatively small one. Moreover, it is not especially popular with the public, and Mr. Marshall's enemies may be right in claiming that his advice to the Governor stemmed more from a desire to reward his party followers than to improve the machinery of government. Nevertheless, the underlying issue is fundamental. Mr. Marshall put it succinctly in a formal letter to the Governor:

> I cannot take orders either from your Excellency or from the Colonial Office. Singapore must be governed from Singapore and by Singapore. Your Ministers and Coalition Government intend that the Rendel Constitution should give effective government by the people as of now. There can be no dual control. Either you govern or we do —and so long as we are your Ministers we intend to govern, giving full and respectful consideration to your Excellency's advice.

But, of course, dual control is exactly what the British Government has envisaged as the result of the Rendel Constitution. Mr. Lennox-Boyd must be anxious to come to terms, if he can, with Mr. Marshall—and the existing Assembly—rather than drive them out in favour of devils yet unknown. What can he do? To begin with, he can issue the most stringent instructions to all his officials, from the Governor downwards, that more regard must be paid to the natural susceptibilities and national ambitions of the Malayan people. At present, Mr. Marshall and his fellow Ministers have some grounds for supposing that many senior officials are against them, are seeking to hold back progress towards self-government and entirely lack (in Mr. Marshall's words) "proper respect for the people of this country in the person of their chief elected representative." This is surely not Mr. Lennox-Boyd's attitude. If Mr. Marshall could be convinced that it was not that of Government House, he might be more ready to compromise on the speed at which full power is to be transferred.

By telling the Portuguese that they must close down their Legation in Delhi before August 8, the Indian Government is trying to forestall demands for more drastic action. Last August, in a less explosive situation, Mr. Nehru avoided incidents and offered to meet the Portuguese without any prior commitments. Since then opinion in India has hardened. Goa is no more part of Portugal, people believe—and it is palpably true —than Delhi was part of Britain. Communists and Praja Socialists have this at least in common, that they reject Mr. Nehru's moderation; the former advocate police action, the latter a mass entry of *satyagrahis* (passive resisters) into Goa this week-end. The Indian Congress Working Committee is opposed to such marches, since they might lead to violence. (Between February, 1954, and April, 1955, the Goa National Congress has announced, the Portuguese arrested 2,567 people for taking part in the freedom movement, and 510 are still in prison!) When Mr. Nehru returned from his recent tour, he told a press conference that "instead of solving one question of Goa, India, by using force, might have to face ten more questions," and might be entangled "in all kinds of international complications." Whilst in Rome, he had discussed Goa with Pope Pius XII at an audience, and the Pontiff had agreed with him that Goa was "a political question, and not a religious one." This undermines part of the Portuguese argument to hold on to Goa. Does President Salazar still risk an incident over Goa for the sake of imperial prestige, or is he gambling on the bargaining power of Nato membership?

The return of the Kabaka to his kingdom is the result of the Baganda's belated realisation that tribal feudalism and modern democracy are incompatible, and that the real way to a solution was pointed out by the Hancock Report. The new constitution, which is to be brought into operation as soon as a provisional agreement is signed by the Kabaka's personal representatives, and which the Kabaka himself will endorse on his return to Uganda, will leave the Kabaka as a monarch without the trappings of feudalism. Real political power is placed in the hands of his Ministers and elected representatives. Less encouraging for the future is the continued opposition by the Baganda to the appointment of an Asian Minister in the Protectorate Government. The agitation would be more constructive if it were fixed upon a demand that the present communal franchise should be replaced by an all-embracing electoral roll. So long as communal representation exists, the exclusion of any community from representation in the Executive smacks of racial prejudice.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Ceylon

Trial of Two M.P.s

A Correspondent writes from Colombo: The main criticism of the manner in which the recent Australian "privilege" case was dealt with was that, although the Australian Parliament had the power to imprison those who were guilty of a breach of its privileges, the House should not have resorted to such drastic punishment. Was it not, moreover, a negation of the freedom of a citizen to be condemned to prison by an accuser who was also judge and jury, although in this case the prosecutor and judge was Parliament itself? The critics of the Australian case may find comfort in a case which is shortly to be heard by the Supreme Court in Ceylon. The case concerns two Members of Parliament who are accused of a breach of privilege. Their case will be tried in the Supreme Court because under Ceylon's Parliament (Powers and Privileges) Act, Parliament has the power only to admonish or to expel from the precincts of the House those who offend against its rules. The Act gives only the Supreme Court the power to punish with a fine or imprisonment, or both. Thus the two accused persons will have the benefit of the full judicial process which the critics of the Australian case say was denied to the two Australian newspaper men.

Briefly, the case against the two men, both members of the Opposition, is that on the night of April 6 the Speaker, followed by Government Members, left the Chamber of the House of Representatives following, first, the refusal of an Opposition Member, Mr. Somaweera Chandrasiri, who had been named, to leave the Chamber, and subsequently the Speaker's order to the Serjeant-at-Arms to eject him from it. Then Mr. W. Dahanayake proposed, and someone else seconded, that Mr. Edmund Samarakkody take the Speaker's Chair. Mr. Samarakkody took the Chair and called on Mr. Chandrasiri to go on with his speech which the Speaker had interrupted. This went on until the Serjeant-at-Arms, who had gone for help, returned with a posse of constables who led Mr. Chandrasiri out of the Chamber. A few days later the Speaker appointed a committee of three Members to report on the incident. Their report was sent to the Attorney-General (in Ceylon a public official and not a party man). He ruled that there were grounds for proceedings in the Supreme Court against both Mr. Samarakkody and Mr. Dahanayake—for aiding and abetting him.

On July 6, the House, after debating the Attorney-General's report, decided, by 52 votes to 16, to take the matter before the Supreme Court. The Opposition, which voted against the motion, stressed that the Speaker, when he suspended sittings on the night of April 6, had not stated when the sitting would be resumed, although Standing Orders stipulate that he should have done this. Since the Speaker had not laid it down for how long the sitting was to be suspended, argued the Opposition, the House was well within its rights to elect a member to the Chair and continue with the business before it. Even the Attorney-General was doubtful whether the House was in session or not after the Speaker had left the Chamber; for the mace was in its proper place even while Mr. Samarakkody occupied the Chair. The motion passed in the House of Representatives on July 6 authorises the Attorney-General to apply to the Supreme Court to proceed against the two members. It is then for the Supreme Court to decide whether or not they were guilty of a breach of privilege. If they are found guilty, the Court is empowered to give them a prison sentence, not exceeding two years, or to impose a fine, not exceeding Rs 5000, or sentence them to prison and to a fine.

New York

Profits and Wages

Our New York Correspondent writes: The Commerce Department reports that the recovery in corporate profits, following the reduced earnings last year, has been an important element in strengthening the U.S. economy this year. The recovery in profits was responsible in large part for reversing the downtrend of capital expenditures. According to data gathered by the Department, corporate profits before taxes in the first quarter of this year were $6,400,000,000 higher than in the first quarter of last year, but were still $1,500,000,000 less than two years ago, when armament orders were at a peak.

It is thus not surprising that the stock market has been so buoyant in the last few months. It remains to be seen what effects in the longer term the relaxation in international tensions will have. The immediate impact of the Geneva talks has been somewhat confusing. Some of the securities of companies heavily dependent on war orders weakened early in Conference week but rallied later when it became clear that no overnight change in Defence policy was expected.

It would be misleading to suggest, however, that only profits have benefited from the upsurge in the economy. Consumer income is continuing the more rapid advance of recent months. In fact, the highest level ever was reached in May. Two factors have made this possible. First, taxation has been relaxed, thus augmenting retained income. Many economists here attribute the relatively easy escape from the 1954 recession largely to this factor. The second upward influence on payrolls has been trade union pressure. Wage settlements in the automobile, steel and other industries have pushed up individual earnings.

At the same time the National Association of Manufacturers, the leading spokesman for business interests in America, is carrying on a fight against the guaranteed annual wage. The N.A.M. has recently published a new study designed to help employers provide steadier work and pay for their workers "through time-tested techniques." U.S. unions will welcome any attempts to secure steady employment—some union leaders, in fact, claim that a prime objective of guaranteed wages schemes is to provide incentives to more efficient management—but they are unlikely to relax their demands for the guaranteed wage itself. The electrical workers are now claiming it from the General Electric Company, traditional pattern-setter for the whole industry. In the face of the current trend, it seems unlikely that G.E. will be able to resist the demand, and there will be a chain reaction spreading to other industries.

Meanwhile, the growing strength of labour is being reinforced by the advent of "joint bargaining strategy" beween C.I.O. and A.F.L. unions. Although the merger of the two parent organisations is not due to be ratified until next December, the C.I.O. United Steelworkers and the A.F.L. Aluminium Workers are for the first time negotiating in concert with the Aluminium Corporation of America.

Westminster

The End of Term

Young Sir Edward Boyle, Bt., bears a happy resemblance to Billy Bunter. Rosy, bespectacled and chubby, he couldn't fail to remind one the other day, as he wound up the Economic Debate, of the time when Bunter tried to hypnotise his form-master, the thin-lipped Mr. Quelch.

"Abracadabra!" said Bunter-Boyle, with a flourish of his hands from the despatch-box towards Mr. Gaitskell-Quelch. His chums, apprised of the jape, laughed merrily. But not old Quelch. He merely gave Bunter a stony stare.

"Credit restriction!" said B.-B. Nothing happened. "Current consumption!" Still nothing. The laughter faded. The 'fluence wasn't working. "European Payments Union!" gasped Bunter-Boyle in desperation. Rising with a the-boy-is-mad look in his eye, Mr. Gaitskell-Quelch said sternly, "Explain the theory!" "Not now, sir," said the Economic Secretary. "In that case," said his master, "bend over, Bunter!"

It wasn't a happy day for the Tories. Like some painful confession, the economic statement had to be made and got over. To console the chastened supporters of the Chancellor was the thought that the election was behind them and the holidays before them. But for Mr. Butler the memory of gurgling TV air must have offered a sharp private as well as public contrast with the pallid, despondent mien of the Front Bench. *Was there ever any writhed not at passed joy? To know the pain and feel it, When there is none to heal it. . . .* Poor Butler! A sighing motor-car tyre as the wind slowly leaves through the puncture is no sadder a sight than a disinflationary Chancellor.

With a most commendable fidelity, Boyle at his side tried to offer him comfort. Had not the Chancellor been unanimously, yes unanimously, elected Chairman of some international monetary conference in Paris? The Labour benches seemed less impressed by this tribute to the pound sterling than by Harold Wilson's disclosure in a pungently impressive speech that the strength of sterling had been powerfully aided lately by the arrival of Red Gold.

Through it all, Butler and the Tory speakers clung to the panacea—the monetary medicine to be administered at their discretion by the bankers—and the excuse that it was all the fault of the strikes. The little men in the constituencies who so recently wore their blue rosettes so proudly may now reflect as they shake hands sadly with their regretful bank managers that they've been martyred by the dockers.

But the lower middle-classes haven't the habit of silent suffering. They let out a yelp in next to no time when they're hurt, and are quick to transfer their resentment from its most deserving object to the most accessible. And Mr. Butler, who, among his varied forecasts, did promise a good time for all, will be called to account as the winter draws on—not least in places like Coventry where redundant aircraft workers are being transferred to the motor industry which the Chancellor now intends to slim.

It's lucky for him that the weather's fine. He's lucky there are no more Thursdays for questions to the Treasury. And when, at the end of the day, he looked at the Order Papers strewn over the Chamber like the love-letters of the dead on a battlefield, he must have thought, "How lucky that the gates of Parliament are closing! How happy the country where only Whitehall keeps its vigil!"

MAURICE EDELMAN

Bonn

After Geneva

A Bonn Correspondent writes: In Germany—both Germanies—Geneva has been a sharp turning-point. Two decisive things have happened. First, the Soviet Union has, for the first time, made it absolutely clear that East Germany is not for sale. German reunification, the Russians said at Geneva, and underlined in their subsequent visit to East Berlin, will come either through some kind of agreed compromise between the two German States, or it will not come at all. Secondly, the West, while not accepting the Soviet thesis on German reunification, has made it clear that it does not regard it as a decisive obstacle to international relaxation. The worst that may now happen, if there is no ultimate agreement on Germany, is that there may also be no European security pact. But, security pact or no, "there ain't gonna be any war." And, in view of the futility of any threat of an atomic war as a continuation of policy—and on this Eisenhower and Bulganin have agreed at Geneva—there can be no sanction with which the West can now force the U.S.S.R. to change its attitude on the German question.

This will need some digesting on the part of the West Germans; and the first reaction from Bonn, not surprisingly, has been the silence of consternation. Both Government and Opposition have, in the course of one single week, seen the whole basis of their policy quietly collapse. This basis was, in both cases, the cold war and West German rearmament in Nato. The difference between Government and Opposition was merely in the use they wanted to be made of this West German rearmament within Nato. The Government wanted to use the reality of it as a means of pressure over the next few years; the Opposition, for its part, regarded the possibility of it as a useful bargaining counter at the moment in any negotiations that might be initiated with the Soviet Union.

But now the cold war is practically over; and the West Germans are left with nothing either to threaten or to bargain with. As for the twelve Nato divisions—having agreed with Eisenhower that there will be no war, the Soviet can smilingly, and with the best of humour, indicate to the West Germans that they are welcome to them. The Moscow invitation to Adenauer stands suddenly revealed in a new light: there is no chance, as some people had hoped or feared, of some Soviet-West German bargain at the expense of *both* East Germany *and* the West. All that is awaiting Adenauer in Moscow is diplomatic normalisation, perhaps some act of clemency for the remaining German prisoners in Russia, perhaps some trade. For German reunification talks—if any—applications should now be addressed to East Berlin.

One must hand it to Dr. Adenauer that he has been the first to regain his composure in the face of so startling a change of situation. His press conference, two days after the final Geneva communique, was all bland and vague contentment: the Western Powers had been splendid; the German question remained on the agenda; one must have patience; all would be well in the end. Against the Soviet Union no hard words. And most interestingly, a wholly new note towards East Berlin: "we should be most gratified if our newspapers could circulate in the Soviet Zone, and *vice versa*." A day or two later, officials in Bonn gave out that if East German, as well as West German, representatives should be asked to sit in on some committees of future conferences, "this would not amount to recognition of the East German Government"—another way of saying that the West Germans would no longer, as hitherto, sternly refuse to meet their Eastern compatriots on diplomatic terms. Here are, perhaps, the first hints of a coming *détente* in the inter-German cold war.

Such a *détente*, which would have to precede the far more ambitious attempt to find terms on which the two Germanies could be reunited, will, of course, need some time to develop. There is much re-thinking to be done, there are many hard words to be eaten (on both sides), and not a few ugly memories to live down. Whether this will become possible will, of course, also to a great extent depend on East Berlin. At the moment, all is jubilation there—and no wonder. For the first time in its six years of existence, the German Democratic Republic can be wholly sure that it will not be rubbed out again in a cynical horse-deal between East and West.

One should not grudge the East German Communists and Left-wing Socialists their hour of relief and triumph. They have habitually been painted coal black in the West in the cold war period; in fact, they have virtues as well as failings, and their State, though marred by a fundamental lack of freedom, embodies a number of interesting and constructive experiments, new in German history and well worth preserving. But they are Germans all right, which means they might easily have their heads turned by success. Herr Grotewohl will now have to show whether he is a statesman. If, in the coming weeks or months, he acts with imagination, tact, and a sense of compromise, the German story might still conceivably, over the next few years, gradually be brought to a happy ending for both Germany and Europe.

Ernest Bevin's Nightmare

Since history rarely concedes us a second chance, we should be grateful for the Geneva Conference. Ten years ago Roosevelt's vision was of a world peace, based on a firm understanding between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. That dream began to fade even before he died, and at Potsdam it was transformed into the mutual suspicion of rival blocs. Faced with a leaderless America—isolationist but armed with atomic weapons—and confidently expecting the disintegration of the British and French Empires, Stalin made his most disastrous mistake. Instead of co-operating with the West, he calculated that the U.S. was on its way out of world politics and decided to grab all he could. He was defeated by British policy. It was Ernest Bevin who fought Mr. Byrnes at Moscow, when the American Secretary of State still seemed anxious to appease the Russians, and who finally persuaded Mr. Truman in 1947 to accept the theory and practice of the cold war. Chatting of his achievements, Ernest Bevin would often remark that his one nightmare was lest the Americans should once again fall for the Russian bait. "If the two of them gang up, there will be nothing left for anyone else."

Has Bevin's nightmare come true? At Geneva, President Eisenhower once again offered to Stalin's successors that Russian-American understanding which Stalin himself spurned; and President Bulganin, Mr. Molotov and Mr. Krushchev responded in kind to Ike's homespun warmth. Under the shadow of the H-bomb a *détente* has been achieved which makes it possible for the Foreign Ministers to start serious negotiations this autumn on Germany, disarmament and European security. And if these problems can be resolved, why not Formosa? The stage is set for peace negotiations which will certainly be very long and very arduous, but which, for the first time since 1945, could lead to a world settlement between the two giants.

What prospect does this offer to Britain? To answer this question we must first analyse both the causes and the basis of the present *détente*. The H-bomb has not only made war impossible as an instrument of policy; it has also depreciated the currency of conventional weapons. Armoured divisions, aircraft carriers and artillery, which cost millions to produce, have been transformed into junk, and the huge standing armies, navies and air forces which man them are as anachronistic as cavalry in the era of the petrol engine. Not only in Washington but also in Moscow, where an even larger investment in conventional weapons had been undertaken, there is a new-found enthusiasm for any disarmament plan which could ease the load on industry.

It would be a mistake, however, to regard fear of the H-bomb as the sole and sufficient motive of the Geneva *détente*. What we witnessed there, in the human contacts of Eisenhower and Bulganin, was not merely a negative repudiation of war, but a positive determination for peace. The death of Stalin can now be seen as the end of the Napoleonic epoch of the Russian Revolution. The committee which now rules the Soviet Union are survivors who lived through a nightmare and now desire an end of insecurity, both at home and abroad. In brief, they are not revolutionaries but legatees of revolution, and they feel themselves responsible to a managerial society whose tastes and habits have much in common with that of the American oligopoly which put President Eisenhower in the White House. What Geneva revealed is the natural affinity between these two technological civilisations, which was driven underground during the Stalin era. It looks as if Krushchev is really the kind of man Roosevelt fondly imagined Uncle Joe to be.

If these are indeed the new relations between the Kremlin and the White House, we can expect something much more far-reaching than the famous "agreement to disagree." Most of the incompatible conflicts between Russian and American policy have been a direct result of the cold war. Each side has taken up positions of strength, which only make sense on the assumption that the other is its permanent and aggressive foe. The Russians have transformed Eastern Europe and the Eastern Zone of Germany into strategic colonies and kept their standard of living perilously low by excessive demands for rearmament. They have tied the Chinese Communists to them by promises of economic assistance which are a grievous burden to their own economy, and they have maintained through the world local Communist parties as instruments of subversion.

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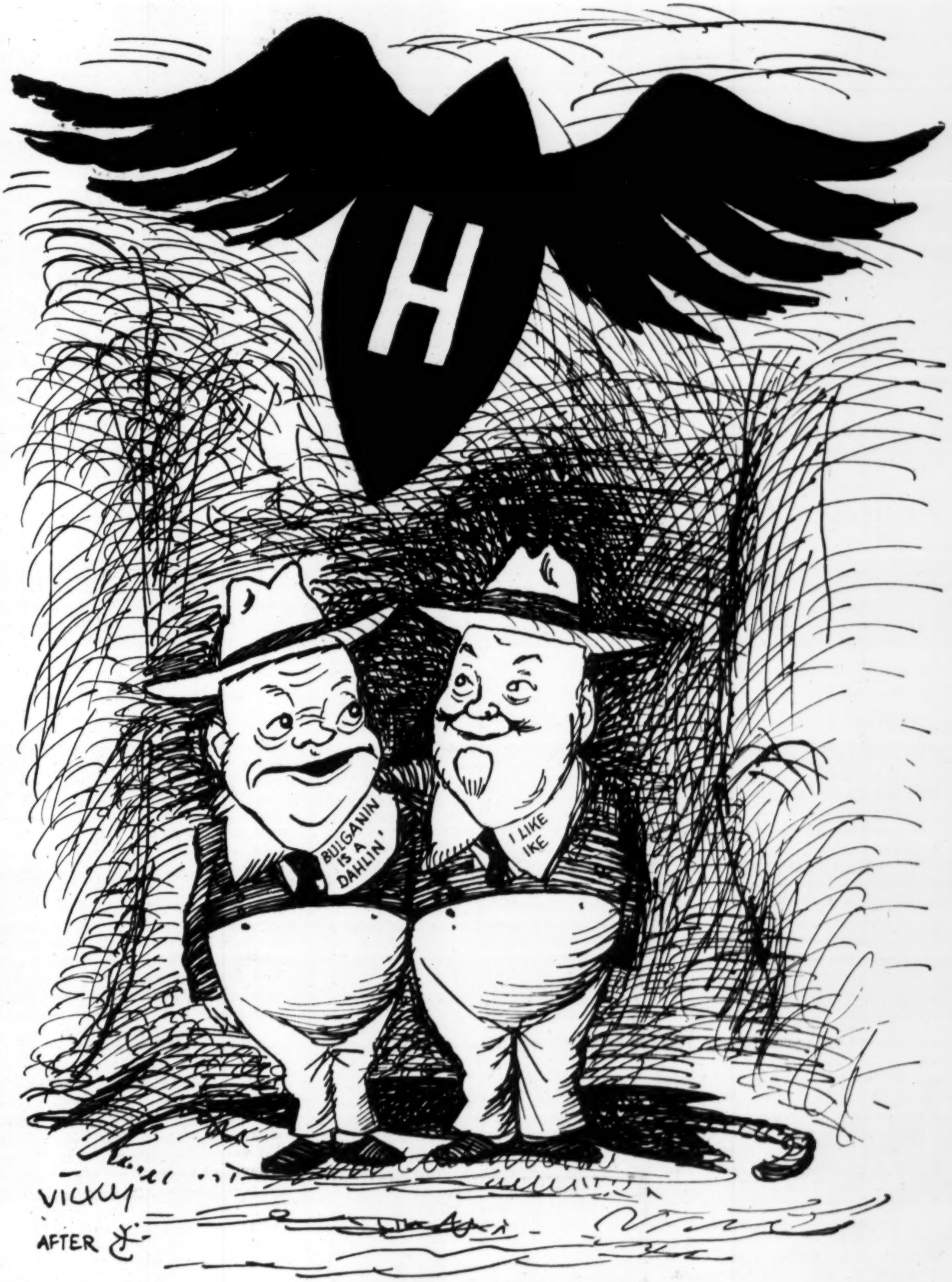

H
BULGANIN IS A DAHLIN'
I LIKE IKE
VICKY
AFTER

Just then Flew Down a Monstrous Crow
As Black as a Tar Barrel;
Which Frightened Both the Heroes So,
They Quite Forgot their Quarrel.

For their part, the Americans have undertaken a military containment of Communism which involves them in ringing the Soviet Union with atomic bases, rearming Western Germany, maintaining a state of near-war in the Formosa Straits, and excluding the Government of China from the United Nations. And these strategic dispositions have been clothed by both sides' with elaborate ideological justifications. The peoples of West and East have been taught to regard any sensible settlement as a surrender of principle, and any sane compromise as a defeat. These lessons will have to be rapidly unlearnt if the cold war is replaced by an understanding between Washington and Moscow.

Nowhere will this process of unlearning be more necessary than in the case of Germany. At Geneva the three Western representatives presented the Russians with a "package offer": unless the Kremlin accepted the integration of a united Germany into Nato, there could be no negotiations on any other issue. The Russians turned this down and offered their own package: no unification until Nato had been disbanded. Each side having vetoed the other's solution, the outcome is obvious. Germany will remain divided and occupied until preconceptions are jettisoned in favour of practical solutions.

Perhaps the most valuable outcome of the Geneva talks was the revelation that, despite all the talk about German unity, no one (perhaps, not even Dr. Adenauer) is prepared to take any risks for it. The *status quo* of a partitioned Germany would bear hardly on the 18,000,000 inhabitants of the Eastern Zone. But for everyone else, including the 50,000,000 Germans of the Federal Republic, it is a tolerable situation. Would anyone, in fact, suggest that the Foreign Ministers, next October, should make an immediate agreement on German unification their over-riding objective—even if that meant losing the chance of progress in other directions? German unity can only be risked when the U.S. and the Soviet Union have resolved their other problems.

This may prove to be the broad outline of the American-Russian *rapprochement* at Geneva. The cold war has been suddenly and dramatically renounced: a theoretically untenable *status quo* has been accepted, and the detailed problems of peace have been postponed for leisurely years of negotiation. We applaud these decisions. Yet we still face the question: what do they involve for Britain?

The answer depends entirely on our power of adaptability. Since 1947 Ernest Bevin's pattern of politics has prevailed. Through Nato, the U.S. has been firmly committed to the defence of Britain. Indeed, Britain has become a stationary American aircraft carrier off the coast of Europe, just as Western Germany has become an American land bastion in the defence of the Atlantic. But the cold war has not merely compelled the U.S. to treat the British Empire as a vital American interest; it has also forced us into ever closer dependence on the U.S. Relying for full employment on American offshore purchases of British arms, our engineering industry is now tied to rearmament, and this material interest in cold war is buttressed by habit. Americans and Russians find it easy to jettison one set of principles and try another. British politicians, particularly British Socialists, are not so adaptable. The Government—and, even more, the Opposition—will find it difficult to perform the kind of ideological about-turn which Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Krushchev have undertaken with such manly sincerity.

Yet, if we read the meaning of Geneva aright, the feat must be undertaken. In an era of peaceful co-existence, a stationary aircraft carrier will be of dwindling value in the eyes of our American friends, who will also very quickly revert to their traditional distrust of colonial empires. Moreover, our economy has been more disturbed than any other by rearmament, and our trade more damaged by strategic embargoes. Both will need drastic re-organisation if peace has indeed broken out. The Government should undertake an immediate re-assessment of Defence production and the term of National Service, as well as surveying the possibility of developing trade with Communist countries before our competitors snap it up. In brief, the economic and political independence which we forfeited as a result of the cold war is likely to be forced upon us very soon. In an era of American-Russian understanding, we shall have to fend for ourselves and make our own decisions, as we have not done for a decade.

The Challenge of Atomic Power

TEN years ago Hiroshima was destroyed and, for the first time, the world became aware of atomic power. Since then mankind has lived in a nightmare of unreason from which we appear at last to be emerging into the dawn of sanity. We are, in fact, in the third phase of man's reaction to the challenge of atomic power. The first was the Great Illusion, the period when the U.S., with an initial monopoly of technique and resources, believed that it could keep the secrets to itself for long enough to impose upon the world an American-dominated Pax Atomica. But this was a self-deception which deceived few others. The scientists always understood that there was no real secret, that the principles were common property, that the technology was a matter of deploying resources—as Canada did, and as Russia did.

The second phase was the period of the Great Disillusion, when the Soviet Union developed the bomb, and the monopoly of weapons no longer existed; when all the threats came home to roost; when the absence of defence came to seem more significant than the potency of the strategic bomber force. Then the U.S. triumphantly produced the H-bomb; and the Russians followed suit—very little later, and probably using a less complex and costly process. The enormity of the mutual threat now made nonsense of all the canons of conventional strategy. That was what Sir Winston Churchill appreciated two years ago when, shocked by the unpredictable consequences of the Bikini tests, he hastened to Washington to press his advice upon the Americans. Not very much later the truth dawned upon some of the professional soldiers—General MacArthur and Marshal Vassilevsky were notable examples. Now it has penetrated to the soldier-statesmen, President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Bulganin. We have entered the third phase, that of the Great Awareness.

In this process of awakening the intelligent public has come to understand both the limitations of human knowledge and the menace of a science corrupted by secrecy. When the bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki the scientists did not know the biological consequences of the physical destruction they had let loose. They still do not know. For the next twenty-five years the Americans have planned to maintain in Japan a biological unit to study the survivors and their progeny, to discover, in fact, what radiation has already done to human beings. The irresponsibility which loosed such a force upon the world, without counting the cost, contributes to the guilt sense, which few thoughtful people can wholly escape, for what happened on those days of August, 1945.

Equally apparent and far more easy to define are the deplorable consequences of too much secrecy on science. Science, in fact, has become warped. The emphasis on physics, coupled with the security embargo on the sharing of much fundamental knowledge, has denied to other branches of science, including biology, some vital information on which they might have based the safeguards. Science has advanced as a series of flying columns and not as a common front. Worse still, the threat of the "smear" and the prospect of going through life dogged by the F.B.I. or the M.I.5 have discouraged the participation of the really great minds. Second-rate, one-track minds have gone ahead with hazardous experiments. Secrecy has also diverted many who might otherwise have lent their ability to the hopeful, peaceful development of atomic energy.

The risks, imposed by this limitation of knowledge, have become incalculably greater with the existence of the H-bomb, as has been sombrely emphasised by the great scientists—by the voice of Einstein from the grave, by Bertrand Russell and the eminent signatories of his appeal to reason, by eighteen Nobel prizewinners in a recent manifesto, and by Lord Adrian, who is President of the Royal Society. They have made it abundantly plain that accumulating radio-activity in the atmosphere can destroy life on earth. All discussion of this subject—even by those who seek to minimise the risk—makes it obvious that the physicists have over-reached the biologists, that there is still much to be learnt.

As against these dangers—of deliberate war or the indiscriminate release of radiation—the world has at hand an incalculable new source of human betterment—safe power, on a practically unlimited scale. Controlled atomic energy, at present possible from fission, if not from fusion, from uranium if not from hydrogen, can offer safeguards against radio-active hazards. The reckless risks involved in military experimentation are offset by the cautious and rigorous safeguards applied, for example, in Britain's atomic factories.

If there is to be a sharing of knowledge as well as materials, and a breaking down of pernicious secrecy as now, in the thawing of the cold war, seems possible, then atomic energy, without biological risks, can provide the source of power of a new industrial revolution on a world scale. For Britain it offers new opportunities. We are well ahead in the development of industrial power. The atomic energy generating stations now under construction, and those for which sites are now being sought, can maintain our industrial potential, threatened by dwindling coal supplies inadequate to supply the electrical power for modern industry. Atomic energy could, eventually, close the gap. In addition, we have the expanding traffic in radio-active materials—for the radio-activity which can be a menace can, with the ambivalence of science, be beneficial as well. The by-products of atomic energy are being employed in medical research, in clinical treatment, in advancing agriculture and improving industry. Finally, beyond our own immediate interests, there are the incalculable advantages which the under-developed territories may derive. They are hungry for energy, for new industries, and for redressing the disparity between the productivity of the highly developed countries and their own impoverishment.

That is the promise of next week's Atom Conference at Geneva, initiated by President Eisenhower's suggestion of an atom pool, adopted by the United Nations and now endorsed by the Soviet Union, whose scientists are participating. If this is politics—the atomic Powers anxious, perhaps, to impress upon the atomic have-nots that Codlin's the friend, not Short—it is healthy politics. If nations try to outbid each other in frankness and in generosity, in their offers of materials and of information, the world as a whole will be the beneficiary.

After the recrimination, the secrecy, the confusion and misconception, the public bewilderment and misgiving, it is important in this third phase of atomic consciousness that people should rationally consider the facts. To that end, this journal has invited eminent authorities to present those facts frankly and with an appraisal of their meaning and potential, for this country and for the world. The first article will be by Professor Joseph Rotblat of St. Bartholomew's Medical School, one of the signatories of the Einstein-Russell appeal to the Heads of States, and an authority on the hazards and opportunities of radioactive products. Mr. K. E. B. Jay, of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell and author of the official booklet on Britain's atom factories, will discuss industrial development and Britain's programme. Dr. J. Bronowski, who was one of the team who surveyed the effects of the bombing of Hiroshima and who is an authority on the peaceful uses of the atom, will review the possibilities and wider applications. If the challenge of atomic energy—with all its potentialities for good and ill—is to be answered, it must be met with knowledge and understanding.

London Diary

I suppose one should welcome the Home Secretary's promise that the posting of execution notices on prison gates shall be discontinued, but I can't help thinking that these terse announcements did something to keep before the public mind the grisly mechanics of the death penalty. The crowd that lined up to read them was never noticeably peculiar; it was a kind of delegation from us all—a random specimen of the honest public in whose name someone had just been carefully and methodically strangled. The printed notice was also one of the final vestiges of public execution; are we to regard its disappearance as one more step towards a guilty secrecy that might enable many people to forget the whole problem? With or without the notice, of course, there will always be a few people to stand and wait, even if they are merely passers-by who notice a small knot of relatives and are reminded by it that an execution is due. (I wonder what proportion of a normal passing crowd, realising what was "on," would actually hurry past?) On the other hand, the Gowers Report in 1953 recommended that these notices should be discontinued simply on the ground that they were no longer necessary in days when the job of deterrent publicity was so efficiently done by the press. So one minute recommendation of the Gowers Committee is actually carried out! Hanging, however, continues, and instead of reprieve being almost automatic, as we expected it would be for all but particularly cold-blooded and calculated murderers, the fanatics for capital punishment continue to get their own way, even in cases where the public would certainly desire a reprieve.

* * *

Two recent cases of assault have caught my attention in the press. In the first Colonel Wintle, who clearly belongs to the great tradition of English eccentrics, has crowned a career of fantastic if somewhat undisciplined heroism by debagging a solicitor and hanging his trousers on a flagpole. For this offence he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment by a judge who remarked that we couldn't have that. I recall that in the seventeenth century differential fines for using foul language were imposed (£2 for a gentleman, 1s. for a common day-labourer). Is the same principle now to apply to debagging? Six months for a solicitor: how much for a journalist? How much for debriefing a lady barrister?

* * *

Maybe the colonel's sentence will be reduced on appeal. Even so, in point of actual time in gaol, it is not likely to be so very different from the period served by the Southern Rhodesian farmer who flogged to death an African whom he accused of theft. The boy, near his end, begged his master not to kill him. I suppose differentials apply here too. Anyway, the European was sentenced to three years for manslaughter. Two of them were suspended, and I believe the prisoner can earn more remission for good behaviour.

* * *

"The tragedy of Eisenhower," a friend of his said to me recently, "is that, knowing nothing about politics, he listened to the worst possible political advisers when he accepted the Republican nomination. Taft thought he was going to rule through Eisenhower, and advised him to lend his support to McCarthy and Jenner, neither of whom could have been elected without it. It seems to have taken him two years to recover his normal soldierly contempt for politicians." Now that he has found them out and sees through Dulles, he has asserted himself as Chief and finds that he can do anything he wants. There seems no doubt that he wants something more than a mere relaxation of tension. Most important point of all, he seems to have convinced the Soviet leaders of his sincerity.

* * *

Marshal Bulganin, whom Londoners will have a chance of welcoming next Spring, was recently introduced in Moscow to some important foreign visitors. He expressed, I'm told, the hope that they would visit some distant parts of the Soviet Union. They replied that they had been refused permission to visit places in Asiatic Russia they had always wished to see. Bulganin turned angrily to colleagues near him and said; "When are you going to stop this silly nonsense?" This story, whether precisely true or not, is illuminating. The system of passes and restrictions and petty surveillance on foreign visitors is breaking down. From this point of view, I found Canon Stockwood's *I went to Moscow* (Epworth Press, 15s.) particularly useful. With the help of Harold Wilson, he got a visa and spent his holiday in Moscow as an individual tourist. He necessarily depended on Intourist, which was efficient, and provided him with good interpreters. But he describes, often in comic detail, unsuccessful and irritating efforts to head him off this and that. As a Church dignitary, he got to Zagorsk with the help of the British Embassy, was impressively received by the Patriarch, and shocked to find that the Orthodox hierarchy lapsed into Communist slogans when politics were involved, and that the huge Baptist community were the kind of Christians who based their faith on the strictest verbal inspiration of the Bible. Like the Lord Mayor of London, who broadcast on Monday night from Moscow, he was vastly impressed with Russia's building programme. He praised its system of public health, but was infuriated with the anti-Western propaganda in the schools. He makes a mistake, I think, in quoting Russian prices in terms of pounds sterling. Even if one could calculate the internal value of the rouble, it would help very little in making one understand the wage-earner's standard of living, because it has to be fitted into a network of free or cheap social services that affect different groups of people differently. My general conclusion, after reading Mervyn Stockwood's book, is that life has improved in the Soviet Union in the last two years, and that there are far less silly restrictions and obstacles for the foreign visitor than there were when he was there.

* * *

The chief obstacles to free travel in Russia are language and money. If the Russians want to increase tourist trade they must bring the foreign exchange rate of the rouble into something like harmony with its internal value. As it is, no one except a representative of a rich Western newspaper can afford to live in the U.S.S.R., unless he has roubles at the special Intourist rate. Consequently, most visitors are invited delegations, living mainly on Moscow's charity, while those—amounting to several hundreds this year—who go as ordinary visitors in Intourist groups have no alternative but to follow their guides round well-worn paths to famous "sights." One or two individual travellers with their own interpreters, following their whims, calling in at this or that collective farm or small town, are worth, from a propagandist point of view, all the pre-arranged tours in the world. It is not important that the country as a whole is not yet equipped with good hotels. The worthwhile travellers would understand, and the other kind would, in any case, be content to stay in the comfortable, modernised hotels that already exist in the big cities. If, as I believe, the present rulers of Russia really want to convince the West that Communism is a sensible, progressive, and successful way of running a country, they will not merely develop schemes for the exchange of students, theatres, ballerinas, and all the rest of it with Western countries. They will also take steps to make it possible for an enterprising Westerner to buy a ticket to Moscow, or Kiev, or Kharkov, or Samarkand, and let him wander about just as he would if he buys one for Vienna, Cairo, or Delhi.

* * *

The other day I was just in time to see a very fast destroyer capsize a three-masted barque and then push it contemptuously around in circles. A part-owner of the barque, who was fishing during its longish journeys across the pond, so far forgot the proprieties of navigation as to throw the whole of his catch at the owner of the destroyer and then hurl the empty jam-jar at the destroyer itself, hitting the barque. I was a little sorry for the destroyer man, who was not controlling his vessel (as they often do at this pond) by radio, but I'm against him on principle. His boat makes a filthy noise. As soon as he starts its motor up with a piece of string, conversation is difficult at a hundred yards and still hampered at a quarter of a mile. So I was charmed to read last week that the South-Western Magistrate, in a case originating on Clapham Common pond, had invoked the rule that steam must give way to sail and fined the owner of a power boat that had damaged a model yacht. It is true that the yachtsman was also fined, for punching his adversary, and that the magistrate seemed surprised they were both grown men. "You might have thought they were two small boys, say about nine or ten, in dispute about their toys." But sailing boats are nice, quiet things, and I hate these growing signs that their owners are finding it difficult to be nice, quiet people. There's something wrong with our bloody ships today, Chatfield.

* * *

The taxi-driver said: "First they made the atom bomb, now the hydrogen bomb, and they are talking about a cobalt bomb. I'll tell you what it is. They're pulling the hairs out of God's chest, and one day the blighter will wake up."

CRITIC

Peace in Our Time

"There ain't gonna be any war." Mr. Harold Macmillan, July 24.

"I'll tell the world" sez Kid Macmillan,
"Everything's gonna be grand!
Washington's willin', de Kremlin's willin',
De whole situation's in hand.
Sure, details has gotta be planned,
But de climate ain't freezin' no more,
And there ain't gonna be any war, buddies,
There ain't gonna be any war!

"Mebbe dey ain't droppin' dat iron curtain,
Like Big Ike recommends,
But de Four Big Bosses are gosh-darn certain
War don't pay dividends,
So everyone's kinda friends.
They reckon it ain't no use gettin' sore,
So there ain't goin' to be any war, buddies,
There ain't gonna be any war!

"Yep, everyone gotta strong position,
But no one can't try de bluff—
When de pay-off's a packet of nuclear fission,
Dat's kinda dangerous stuff;
So nobody played it tough.
Sure, dat ole H-bomb wised up de Four,
And there ain't gonna be any war, buddies,
There ain't gonna be any war.

"The end of the world ain't gonna happen,
So I guess you can all relax.
Everyone's pals, and dey's all back-slappin',
And we're getting down to brass tacks,
Without no dirty cracks—
Me and Molotov, Dulles and Faure,
And there ain't gonna be no war no more,
There ain't gonna be any war."

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Taunton Town Council has banned a perfume advertisement in the window of the pharmacy of Mr. ——— because it is so beautiful it would "distract the attention of passing motorists."—*The Chemist and Druggist.* (H. Murray.)

The word "slum" is not a nice word and should not appear in official reports, Worthing Town Council have decided. Instead, the phrase "unfit houses" will be used.—*Evening Standard.* (H. Kane.)

The youthful Marquis of Bath stood by the doors of his stately Wiltshire mansion on Sunday and autographed pamphlets recording its history especially for visiting members of Cookham and District Labour Party.—*Maidenhead Advertiser.* (A. Mandeville.)

Mr. Henry Scott, defending, said that Sydney Wainwright passed some of the forged notes at dog tracks. He found, unfortunately, that he was getting his own forged notes back in his winnings. He was a man who had allowed his sense of artistry to get the better of his sense of reality.—*Daily Telegraph.* (A. Feinstein.)

All Wrong About the Arctic

ESKIMOS, who now carry radio-receivers on their dog-sledges, recently picked up the following message in The Barrens, the snow-desert of Northern Canada: "Parents are warned to keep their children from playing on the airstrip and particularly from hanging on to the tails of aircraft." It was a broadcast from CHAK, "The Friendly Voice of the Arctic," the radio-station of Aklavik, a hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle—the town which is to be shifted by the Federal Government because the permafrost which once seemed solid bedrock is thawing and reverting to a mudbank in the Mackenzie Delta. In Aklavik, Mrs. Ian Black, the doctor's wife (they both come from Wick) has three young children. She agreed that they might be in more danger from aircraft than polar bears, or even blizzards. Indeed, her last injunction to me was: "Tell the people back at home that they are all wrong about the Arctic; that we don't suffer privations or risk our children's lives by bringing them up here; that we get more fun out of life than most people in The Outside and that we are not 'mad' because we like the Arctic."

After 4½ months in the Arctic and journeys totalling over 40,000 miles—including a trip to the North Pole itself with the R.A.F.—I agree with Mrs. Black, whom I shall always remember dancing in a kilt to the bagpiping of a Negro—a *ceilidh* in the Arctic. And I have come to the conclusion that our misconceptions about the modern Arctic (as distinct from the hazardous "Unknown" of the pioneers) are mainly due to writers who want to be heroes, who stress the hardships and risks and privations, to prove (with few to contradict them) what remarkable chaps they are.

No hero I: my assignment did not call for heroics. Enthusiasm for the Arctic does not blind me to the fact that there *are* blizzards, which can mean the sleep-death, your body frozen as hard as a log in an hour—if you are foolish enough to be caught in one or try to struggle through it. (No Eskimo would; he would have an igloo up in half an hour and sit it out.) And, of course, you can get lost in the snow-desert—but so you can in the mists of the Cairngorms. The risks from polar bears and timber wolves are wildly exaggerated: they do not prey on human beings—every Arctic Old Hand vouches for that. A cornered bear will savage his way out; a trapped wolf will be very vicious; but neither will start the argument. As for stresses—towards the middle of February, the magic of the daylong night, the bright moonlight, the moon-dogs and moon-rainbows (due to the ice-crystals in the atmosphere) and the starglow in a cloudless sky and crystal air, begin to pall and even the cheerful Eskimos can become moody and irascible. (So do we when a British winter drags.) But when the sun creeps over the horizon and moves on to a summer of endless daylight, laughter comes back to the Arctic.

My one complaint was not of the Long Night but of the Long Day; it was of lack of sleep. In summer there is no twilight, let alone darkness, to remind you to go to bed. I would just forget to sleep. Typically, I would come back from ten or twelve hours' flying to remote islands, find myself eating dinner at midnight, and the Mountie would come in and invite me to go off to an Eskimo seal-camp. I would come back to find the flyers having breakfast and waiting for me to take off. All this in cloudless sunshine.

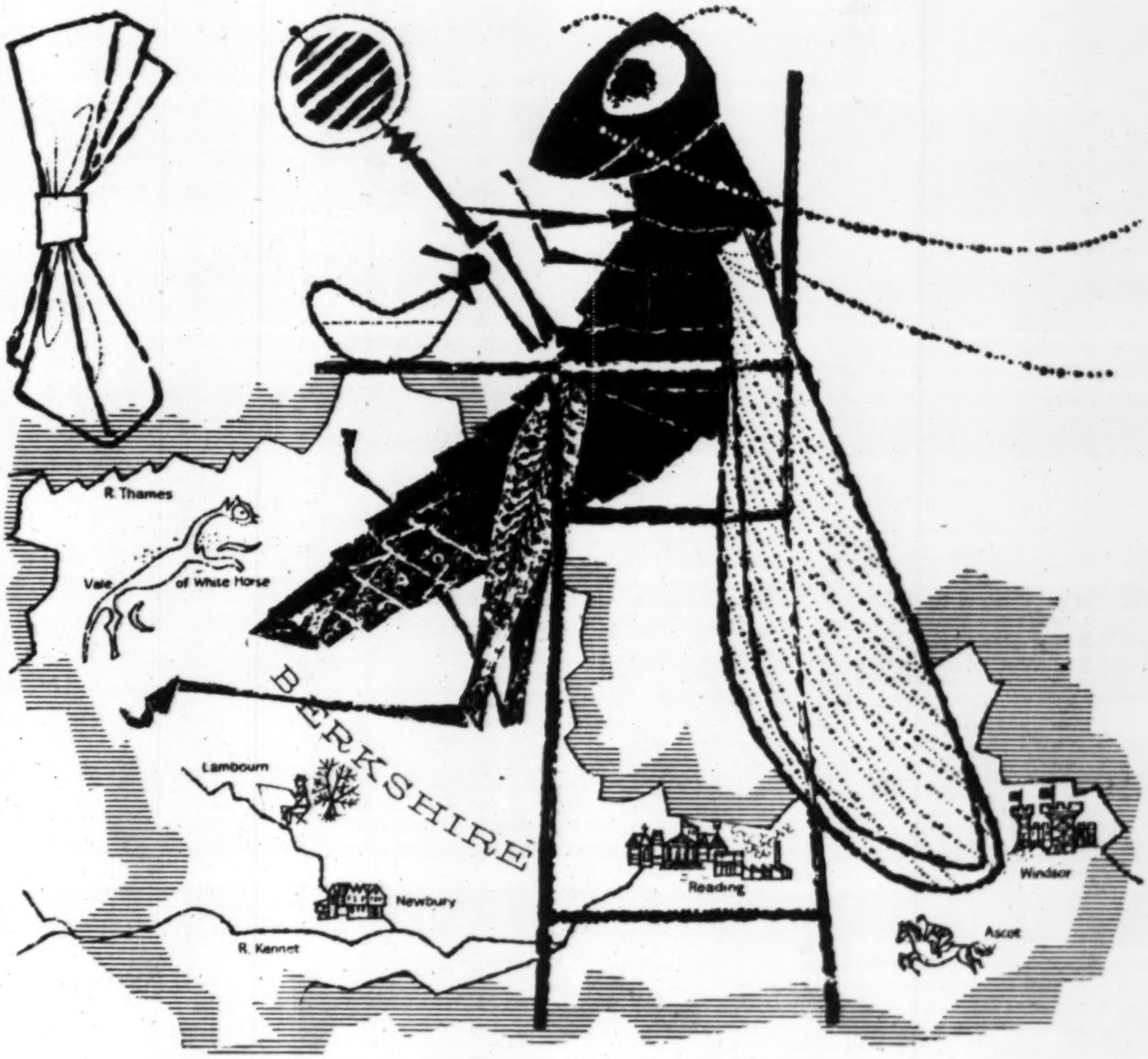
Some dangers are real enough. That is why I began my "sweeps" through the Far North by taking the R.C.A.F. course on Arctic Survival on Victoria Island. There were 23 students on the course, men of the R.C.A.F., Canadian Army and the U.S. Navy and Air Force—servicemen who are liable to be forced down in the Arctic. We had a foretaste of what to expect when we flew 1,200 miles from Edmonton, in a "Flying Boxcar," across The Barrens and the Arctic seas. There was plenty of frozen desolation to get lost in if we crashed. When we landed, and the doors opened on to the unrelieved expanse of snow and ice, there was fear in men's faces. Like paratroopers facing their first jump, they hung back in the aircraft as the ground snow swirled like a desert sandstorm.

A week later, that fear had gone. We had learned, with some discomfort and devised privations, that it was not so intimidating after all; that it is possible to survive a forced landing instead of surrendering to death from despair. The course included living in igloos, built by Eskimos; constructing snow-trenches (the nearest approach the uninitiated can get, with snowblocks, to the igloo); para-igloos (more ambitious efforts with man-high walls and a central snow-pillar roofed with parachutes); signal crosses of high-piled snowblocks which cast a shadow easily seen by searching aircraft; learning fishing through holes, which had to be chiselled out of six feet thick ice; and "living off the land" in the form of white foxes, ptarmigan and seals.

We had our blizzards, which gave us a taste of "igloo-fever," the irritation of being cooped up with bright sunshine coming through the snowblocks. Those blizzards were ground-drift, not falling snow. (Snow rarely falls in the Arctic islands, which are arid, with precipitation less than some parts of the Sahara.) It was a salutary lesson, because we had to learn that even a 20-mile-an-hour wind can turn 30 degrees F. below zero into a frost-biting menace, while we could work in windless 50 F. below without noticing it in our Arctic kit. (Indeed, heat is a thing against which you must guard. If you sweat, as you easily can, that can be deadly.) We learned, too, that we could sleep comfortably in a snowhouse—even in the nude, as the Eskimos do—provided we had a couple of caribou skins under the eider down sleeping bags on the snowbench. With a Primus stove, an igloo could become overheated, which is bad because the roof-blocks of snow (a good insulator) melts and freezes into ice (a bad insulator) which communicates the outside cold.

With that sort of Arctic sense behind me, I found that I could get around during the ensuing months in reasonable comfort. Layers of clothing and *mukluks* (snowboots) were bulky and awkward when I had centrally heated quarters. (In Churchill, the base on Hudson Bay, everything is enclosed and heated; barracks, messrooms, stores, cinema, etc., etc., linked by all-weather corridors.) In windless sunshine 500 miles from the North Pole I could walk around in a pullover and slacks.

Massive construction works, for Defence purposes, are going on in the Canadian Arctic. The construction men, partnered and coached by Eskimos, have little to complain about as far as polar weather is concerned. Well-clothed, well-housed, well-fed and well-paid, they work at least as consistently as farm-workers in our climate. If a blizzard comes up, they "hole-up"—as a field worker would do in a thunderstorm. Of course, such conditions—in a climate where good food is essential—are expensive. It costs over £5 a day to feed a construction worker; that includes imported steaks, fresh fruit, break-



Born in Berkshire

He's big and brown, but British born and bred. His ancestors were locusts of the African deserts, whose descents upon the fertile valleys of many Middle Eastern countries used to bring starvation and ruin to luckless peasant farmers. Today, he and his kin are reared by an I.C.I. research station in Berkshire, so that he may be studied by scientists whose only aim is to discover quicker, more effective means of exterminating his wild relations. The workers of this selfsame I.C.I. research station helped to develop the range of 'Gammexane' insecticides which have done so much to give control not only of locusts but of insect pests ranging from bedbugs to flea-beetles and mosquitoes.

Thus, and in a thousand kindred ways, I.C.I.'s research and production are serving the Nation.

fast cereals, the wages of the highly paid cooks and mess staff and stove oil. Since everything (including bulldozers and tractors) has to be flown in, heating-fuel is costly; it takes one gallon of aviation spirit to fly in two gallons of stove oil. And everything is just as expensive for the settlers and for the Eskimos, who, having switched from hunting to trapping and from trapping to machine-handling, are dependent on the imported foods and goods of the White Man's store.

This raises the question whether town civilisations will ever be practical in the Northwest Territories and the Arctic and Polar Islands, where at the moment 25,000 people inhabit an area half the size of the United States. (There are only 6,800 Eskimos in Canada.) The rewards of development are enormous. Most of the continental part is Pre-Cambrian Shield, in which is locked practically all the metals we need in the atomic age. In the islands the Government geologists—working on "Operation Franklin," a peaceful project—have found salt-domes, many of which I myself have seen; and salt-domes can mean vast supplies of oil. Agricultural experts maintain that, between the Shield and the Cordilleras, in the basin of the Mackenzie River, crops, including grain, could be pushed far north of their present limits. Horticulture is already practised in the Sub-Arctic and Arctic by settlers who have decided to stay. And staying is not the impossible proposition most people "Outside" imagine it to be.

RITCHIE CALDER

Krushchev, Beria and Tito

(*By a Student of Communist Policy*)

EVIDENCE has gradually been accumulating to indicate that, if the non-Communist world was surprised when Krushchev, in his speech at Belgrade airport, ascribed to Beria much of the blame for the bad relations between Yugoslavia and the U.S.S.R., the surprise was not shared by Communist parties in Western Europe. They had, in fact, received, many months before the Russian visit to Yugoslavia a considerable volume of "study material" which the Cominform had issued bearing on the Yugoslav regime. In this material, the Cominform had stated that Beria had falsified evidence regarding (a) the investment of foreign capital in Yugoslavia, (b) the relations of Marshal Tito with the British, *e.g.*, Mr. Randolph Churchill, (c) the incident in which Yugoslav troops opened fire on the Greek partisans, and (d) Tito's responsibility for sending a battalion of Communist Youth to its death during the Resistance—with the insinuation that Tito was a traitor during the war, and had already set about eliminating possible future opponents.

It is true, of course, that Yugoslav troops did open fire on the Greek rebels; indeed, it is believed that Markos was wounded seriously in the head during this incident, and has been convalescing in the U.S.S.R. ever since. It is also true that one Communist battalion was sent to its death during the war. The Cominform, however, in its post-Berian attitude, made it clear that its opinion now was that the Greek incident was a pure mistake, and that the fate of the Partisan battalion was one of those unfortunate things which happen in war. It was Beria's falsifications also which gave rise to the Cominform resolution of 1949, in which Tito was accused of having passed into the imperialist camp, and of having betrayed Markos's followers.

What was not appreciated at the time, but is highly relevant to any examination of Communist policy, is that Krushchev's remarks about Beria's responsibility referred to a period *following* the Cominform resolution of 1948, which denounced Yugoslav "deviations," and which at least one of the Western Communist parties helped to formulate. The result of the discussions on the Cominform "study material," which were held by the various Communist parties who are members of the Cominform, show that Yugoslavia is still a long way from being considered an orthodox Marxist-Leninist State. Indeed, the Cominform, far from admitting that it was wrong in 1948, still denies that Yugoslavia has applied the principles of Marx and Lenin either to agriculture or to industry, where the factories are theoretically owned by the workers, and not by the State. It is still held by the Cominform that such a system must inevitably break down as industry develops inside Yugoslavia, and that the poverty of this new ideology will then be revealed. Nevertheless, it seemed necessary to the Russians that a bridge should be created for fresh discussions with the Yugoslavs on all points of ideological difference.

For this purpose, first, the Cominform devised a new terminology which defined the Yugoslav regime as a "workers' and peasants' dictatorship." This line of approach was confirmed in an editorial published by *Pravda* on July 16. The writer stated that "the fundamental classes in Yugoslavia are the working class and the peasants." The political regime of Yugoslavia is determined by the presence in power of the workers and the peasants. Yugoslavia has preserved its national independence—and has opposed the attempt of foreign capital to "penetrate its economy." The last phrase, incidentally, is an open refutation of the accusations of 1949, responsibility for which is now laid at Beria's door.

Secondly, it will be remembered, one of the chief deviations attributed by the Cominform in 1948 to Yugoslavia was the fact that the wartime *Osvobodilna Fronta* (Freedom Front) was allowed to absorb the cadres of the Yugoslav C.P., and was then changed into a "Social Democrat" organisation under the name of "Association of Socialists." Meanwhile, the Yugoslav C.P. was transformed into the "League of Communists," which deteriorated into a kind of ex-Servicemen's organisation. This, no doubt, was an unpleasant pill for the Cominform to swallow. Nevertheless, the "study material" sent out last year suggested that the basis of a Communist party still exists in the "League of Communists," to whom (it should be noted) Krushchev addressed himself specifically when he called for "Marxist-Leninist collaboration." Not only so: the Yugoslav regime is now described by the Cominform as "post-revolutionary Social-Democracy"—a title considered to be much more respectable than Social-Democracy in a pre-revolutionary period.

The conclusion is that the Soviet visit to Yugoslavia had a dual aim. The U.S.S.R., from which the initiative came, was concerned with immediate diplomatic ends—the neutralisation of Yugoslavia, and the weakening of the Balkan Pact. It is doubtful, however, if the visit would have taken the shape it did but for the fact that the Cominform definitely sanctioned it. Why? The explanation is to be found in the fact that the Cominform's member parties, having discussed the "study material," had decided that a serious error was made in the 1948 Cominform resolution when it called on the Yugoslav people to revolt against their rulers. Not merely was this "interference in the internal affairs of another State"; it reinforced the ideological aberrations already existing in Yugoslavia. Indeed, the Western Communist parties reported to the Cominform that the Russians, in 1948, were seriously to blame for their refusal of the Yugoslav invitation that a Soviet delegation should come and investigate matters on the spot. It was because Krushchev's visit to Belgrade represented an attempt to make good this error—and so to prevent "deviation" growing wider—that the Cominform gave it their blessing in advance.

The Year of the Good Hay

THIS week we have been doing something which is almost unheard of on the west coast of Scotland: we have been cutting the grass one morning and putting up the hay the next afternoon. The blazing sun has dried and the light wind has ruffled through it. There has been no turning and wetting, nothing to take the good out of it. The thick red clover of the seeds mixture withers into sweetness. The most scientific drier wouldn't have done it better. The colour is a lovely, gentle grey-green, the smell goes softly through one's body. The only thing is, it is slippery to work with, just because it has never been tossed and twisted.

We put it up on tall, narrow pikes, on wooden tripods, and tie it down with crossed ropes. Mostly it is the four of us working, as we have done so often through the summers, but this time finding it lighter than usual to do, though we are running with sweat all the time, clean body sweat that smells rather like hay. Sometimes the boy scouts come and help us, turning up, like the parable of the vineyard, just before tea in the field. Few of them have done any farm work and they find it awkward to handle fork or rake. I am not so young as I was, but I don't find it tiring to work with a pitch fork, getting the tines into the hay rather like eating spaghetti, and twisting the fork so that the hay slides off the tines when it goes on to the rick. One doesn't think about how one does it.

Raking strikes me as an essentially feminine occupation, and again, it is easy if one does it the right way, sliding the smooth handle effortlessly through the supporting hand, moving in rhythm. Yet how few women one sees working in the fields in this country compared with France or Denmark. In an ordinary year, with fair weather but nothing outstanding, we have to rake the first swathe once, cocking it up so as to catch the wind. In a bad year, especially when it may lie for days and the new growth of grass begins to shoot through it, one may have to rake two or three times. Then one longs for a silo. But not this year! I remember saying to Lachlan in the middle of wet March: "Maybe we should try silage after all," and he said: "Ach, surely we'll get some good weather for once!" And so we have.

Building the pikes is an art. Watch Lachlan or Eddie looking just where the next forkful is to go and putting it there unerringly, keeping the width of the stack even round the tripod—otherwise it may topple over—and seeing that there are no hollows left; then, as it begins to mount and draw inward to the top, stroking it even with the tines of the fork. When we come to lift the pikes, in a fortnight's time, to take them into the stackyard, these forkfuls will come up separately. A knowledgeable forker will pick them up like that and chuck them easily into the trailer. But by then the loose hay will be compacted and flattened into layers, a few inches thick.

I am less certain about how to put up the hay, and I can't reach to the top where a final wisp is laid with a kind of dainty certainty. But I know without words when to help with my own fork to steady what has been put on. Often I am the one to go round the base of the pike on hands and knees, pulling out the loose hay from the bottom and getting an overhang. This keeps it drier and to some extent shapes the whole thing. We use our old stack ropes for the cross-over, fastening them down by pulling out a wisp of hay inside, twisting it as we do so, as though making the beginnings of a hay rope. That twisting stops it from just pulling out, and the hard held stack rope is itself twisted round the hay and then the double twist is tucked in at the back of itself, so that it can't get loose. All so easy once you know how!

Lachlan is cutting with the new Ferguson mower, which has done very well. To bring in the hay, we have old Jo the horse with the horse-rake. He can't work for very long at a time, and he is getting past pulling even a horse-rake up-hill. Next year, I suppose I shall have to buy another horse. Don't tell me a tractor can do everything! But at least Jo makes the rows, and then we have a home-made tumbling-tom, a wooden bar with pointed spars on it and two handles to hold it down with. It rakes along the windrows, collecting more hay than the rake could manage. I drive it in to the place where the pike is to go up, the man on the handles lets go, and it tumbles over most satisfactorily, delivering the load and then righting itself.

Originally the pony pulled this while the horse was raking, but it goes equally well on the Land Rover, on chains. It saves a lot of work and doesn't go out of order. No doubt the men would find it very enjoyable to have various much more elaborate instruments, such as those one sees looking all glorious at the agricultural shows; but an implement has to be very useful indeed if one is only going to use it for a few days every year. Nor can one do much passing round or lending of haysel or harvest instruments, at any rate up here, where everyone is trying to make the most of the few good days. My neighbour Duncan, though, has just rung up to ask if I will consider chipping in on a hay-baler! Yet there are various things we would very much like to have, a Ferguson cultivator for instance. Some of the old government ones were being sold the other day. I sent Lachlan over, but we had looked up the catalogue price of new ones beforehand, and he stopped bidding before they went right up—as they did—to the new price. Some people get carried away by an auction, and any kind of old junk will make something.

A cultivator doesn't take up much room, but some things do, and we are having to think about a new instrument shed. We are going to build at the end of the village hall, which has swopped me the site where an old roof had fallen in, in exchange for some ground where cars can park. I wish I could build a really handsome shed, to go with the village hall, but I am afraid it is going to be corrugated iron, though I might find something less nasty than bright green for painting over it. One has to think very much in terms of sheds when one gets instruments; some farmers don't get round to it, and their nice new things lie out in the rain and the rust gets at them in spite of the new paint.

In the country, people name the years, not by numbers which don't mean so much, but by what happens in them. It matters less now, maybe, than it did in the years when a full meal chest meant life itself. But here in the West, at least, I think this will be The Year of the Good Hay.

NAOMI MITCHISON

An Ordinary Regatta

LIKE all French resorts, we have a *Comité des Fêtes* whose thankless task it is to organise the town's resources and produce outdoor spectacles and entertainments for our summer visitors. The members are a valiant band of volunteers who meet every Spring and argue incessantly until the arrival of the first holiday-makers induces the committee, reluctantly, to do something. And then, in an amazingly short time a programme of various *fêtes* is laid on.

This is facilitated to some extent by having the same kind of spectacle each year. Our annual *Fête des Fleurs* is not perhaps so well known as that of Nice, due to the Norman dislike of throwing away even flowers, but is certainly as elegant if less colourful. There is usually time, once the theme for the decorated *chars* has been agreed upon, for the carcasses to be put in the hands of the florists, both of whom are members of the *Comité des Fêtes* and lobbyists for its annual subsidy from the town council's budget. M. Louvet, the farmer who owns a tractor, brings it in from the fields and gives it an annual overhaul; M. de Puisson, the rich industrialist, comes down for the weekend and gets his 1905 Delahaye out of the garage of his villa. Last year, the tractor and its long trailer were converted into elegant bowers composed of 8,000 gladioli within thirty-six hours, and headed the carnival procession complete with M. Louvet's son dressed as La Fontaine and surrounded with appropriate live and china animals. Near the end of the procession came the decorated Delahaye chugging along with M. de Puisson representing *le bon président Fallières*, top-hatted, moustached, and beribboned, and followed by his family in a wedding formation of the period. Apparently there had not been, after all, complete agreement on the theme.

A change was needed, fresh ideas required, in our *calendrier des fêtes*. It had become as standardised as an annual almanack. Even the townspeople are getting a little tired of the mannequin parade of motor cars; and the open-air Mass for St. Hubert, held on the racecourse, is a repetitive business. Other resorts along the coast were creating folklore festivals and planning treasure hunts. The annoying spirit of competition was abroad. Fortunately, the one really active member of the *Comité des Fêtes*, M. Lapelle, who is also its vice-president, has a constant flow of bright ideas for all his various activities; a flow much too swift to please most of his fellow townsmen. M. Lapelle is one of the three house-agents in the town, a tall, ruddy-faced, energetic man with a smile for everyone when out and about but with a stern, closed expression when doing business in his office. In spite of his organising extravagant *fêtes* with a minimum of public funds, there is resentment at his prominence at them. His fault is, it appears that he was never asked to be responsible for them, and that he only does this voluntary work because he likes to look important.

It was actually our town clerk, M. Marchal, who produced the idea for a new spectacle for our holiday visitors, inspired by the silver cup which had been standing forlornly on his office mantelpiece for some months. Of course, the town clerk's mantelpiece was an excellent place for it to be kept, because influential callers on M. Marchal got the impression that it was an

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award to the town for something or other; which is always a good thing. But actually, the cup had been given by a well-known aperitif firm, as part of a publicity campaign and to avoid excess profits tax, for the town to award with due acknowledgment and loud acclaim to the winner of some annual competition. And now M. Marchal's idea was for the cup to become a challenge cup held each year by the winner of a regatta. There is a yacht club at a fishing port a few miles along the coast; the members could compete for the cup. The yacht race would make an excellent spectacle from our promenade, and the award could be made at our casino in the evening. M. Lapelle congratulated the town clerk, and said he would immediately add the event to the *calendrier des fêtes.*

Even M. Marchal was surprised to learn, the day before the regatta was due to take place, that the yacht club had not yet been told anything about it. M. Lapelle, his pipe cocked at a jaunty angle, considered this to be a mere detail. The thing to do, he said, as the three of us were having an aperitif, was just to make the club members regatta conscious. Time was rather short for an approach to them in M. Marchal's roundabout Norman fashion; the bluff and hearty manner of M. Lapelle seemed more apposite.

We got into his car and drove along to the little fishing port. It was just after lunch now, and the club members were gradually coming down to the jetty from the clubhouse, carrying their tackle and wearing that seriously occupied look which people everywhere who mess about in boats always seem to have. M. Lapelle began to say a few words, casually, to groups here and there. "There seems too much breeze outside for the regatta to be held today. Looks as though it'll have to be put off until tomorrow." Before long, a number of people were looking out to sea, rather anxiously and a little puzzled. I overheard one lot of young members asking another, busy with endless coils of rope, what sort of regatta it was to be. And the others replied, with the patronising air of people well-informed, "*Oh, les régates ordinaires.*"

After a little more propaganda of this kind, M. Lapelle thought the time had come to carry his offensive to a higher level. He asked to have the president of the club pointed out to him, and introduced himself in his most important and sweeping manner. But this person was only the honorary president; he had, he said, heard something about a regatta but he had little to do with the organisation of the club. His brother-in-law was the man to see; he would take us to him. The honorary president was an elderly man, though bronzed and active, and began to tell us about a book he had published on how to live to be one hundred and twenty. M. Lapelle was more interested in immediacies, but while we were listening impatiently a yacht returned to the jetty and the crew called out that the breeze outside was indeed too strong for the regatta to be held that day. A loud murmur of disappointment spread along the jetty.

By now M. Lapelle had met the real president. "I understand we're working with you over this regatta tomorrow?" said the latter.

"Will you have the stake-boats put out opposite our promenade?" M. Lapelle asked him. "And I'll see to the arrangements for a commentary by loudspeaker."

"Er—yes. But tell me—I've been away for a week and am a little out of touch with things—who's sponsoring this regatta?"

"My *Comité des Fêtes,*" explained M. Lapelle importantly. "They're putting up a challenge cup. Handsome thing it is. You should come and see it."

We sped back to the town, the details settled for the morrow, and on the way we met the local radio dealer with his loudspeaker van. M. Lapelle gave him the news of the regatta, and very soon the van began to blare out an announcement. The following afternoon our numerous holiday-makers were able to watch white sails chasing each other over the blue sea. While from the terrace of the casino M. Lapelle, cheerful and authoritative, gave a loud commentary on the race prompted by the two presidents; so that, in between comments, a vigorous voice could be heard explaining how to live for more than a hundred years.

LEN ORTZEN

MIND

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CONTENTS FOR JULY 1955

ARTICLES
Causal Chains N. R. HANSON
The Logical Form of Law Statements A. C. LLOYD
Practical Reason(s) and the Deadlock in Ethics E. W. HALL
Philosophic Doubt L. E. THOMAS
Commitments and Reasons B. MAYOR
Generalization in Ethics M. G. SINGER

DISCUSSION NOTES
The Specious Present J. D. MABBOTT
Incompatible Hypotheticals and the Barber Shop Paradox A. J. BAKER
A Note on Tarski's Definition of Truth K. R. POPPER
On Certain Peculiarities of Singular Propositions T. CZEZOWSKI
A note on Immortality A. C. MACINTYRE
Further Problems of Derived Obligation R. N. McLAUGHLIN
Irreplaceability D. J. McCRACKEN

CRITICAL NOTICES
P. H. Nowell-Smith, *Ethics* C. L. STEVENSON
T. D. Weldon, *The Vocabulary of Politics* R. WOLLHEIM

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The Arts and Entertainment

Gentle Musings

THE quality of the new orchestral music heard at this year's Cheltenham Festival was so poor that one is driven to search for an explanation. No festival of modern music, needless to say, can guarantee a string of masterpieces: there must be room for experiment, for the occasional resounding failure. But this year's failures were not resounding; they were, with one exception, dim and dated and dusty. Any competent musician, one would have supposed, on looking through these scores must have perceived that their composers had nothing fresh to say; it is impossible to believe that they were the best that could have been chosen. How then were they chosen? No doubt the Festival Committee is nominally responsible, but one may reasonably guess that Sir John Barbirolli's vote is often decisive. Since he and the Hallé Orchestra are the main draws of the Festival, it must be hard to make him play anything he doesn't want to play.

In all probability, what we are getting represents Sir John's habitual taste run a little to seed. English music owes him a great debt: in the past, at Cheltenham and Manchester, he has regularly introduced important new works in a wide variety of styles, ranging from the fierce modernity of Fricker to the more traditional manner of Rubbra. But of late he seems to have become more self-indulgent. A conductor's way of playing the National Anthem often provides a clue to his artistic personality and taste: Sir John treats the first half with flamboyant gusto, his back to the players and a stern glance fixed on the audience, then majestically wheels round for a dramatic appeal to the brass to bring out *fortissimo* their succulent harmonies of the dominant seventh. What he has always liked best is lush, sumptuous, dreamy, romantic music rising to an all-out climax: the kind of thing which was wonderfully done forty years ago by Elgar and Delius and (some would add) Bax, but attracts absolutely no first-rate contemporary talent. It is not easy to satisfy such tastes among the younger composers, and no one under forty-five was represented in Sir John's Cheltenham programmes; the majority were over fifty, and even in these age-groups he has been obliged to turn to some incontestably minor talents. In such company Lennox Berkeley seemed a giant—but I confess that I would rather have heard his still too little known Symphony, though it is fifteen years old, than the pleasant but essentially unimportant Suite which he has fashioned out of the last act of *Nelson.* Among the remainder, Gerald Finzi has previously given us some charming work in the pastoral-meditative tradition of the cathedral close; but his Cello Concerto is conceived and executed so much under the shadow of Elgar that only by courtesy can it be called a new work at all. The first movement was conscientiously brusque, so much so that the soloist (Christopher Bunting) could hardly make himself heard, and the third opened in that vein of 'modified *Nell Gwynn*' which does duty in so many English finales; but the heart of the concerto lay in the long-drawn-out and gentle musings of its slow movement, which were perfectly agreeable —except that we had heard them all before.

Gentle musings, mildly nostalgic, mildly picturesque, mildly festive sometimes for a change—that was our Cheltenham fare, whether in Robin Milford's *Overture for a Celebration,* William Alwyn's *Autumn Legend* for cor anglais and strings or Brian Easdale's *Concerto Lirico* for piano. After some atmospheric doodling, the Alwyn piece settled down to a far too predictable A flat major tune on the soaring strings which might have been by almost any late romantic composer. Easdale's concerto was said to have been inspired by Himalayan landscapes and to incorporate songs of Gurkha soldiers, but the tunes, whenever they emerged from layers of conventional keyboard arpeggio, sounded strangely like pentatonic English jigs; the Gurkhas in short were thoroughly acclimatised, and in the slow movement they had to muse too.

There was little musing, however, in Humphrey Searle's Second Piano Concerto, included in the one Hallé concert not conducted by Barbirolli. Here the conductor was George Weldon, the pianist Clive Lythgoe; and both acquitted themselves well in a somewhat thankless task. For much of this concerto seemed almost as much a caricature of 'modern music' as the other works were a caricature of late romantic music: there was the inevitable battery of percussion, with plenty of work for the fashionable side-drum and block; there were grimly unattractive or weakly lyrical themes; there were plentiful hammerings of repeated notes and clusters at the top end of the keyboard, varied by occasional Lisztian tremolandi lower down. The composer describes the mood of his first movement as carefree, but it seemed to me as though it contained a good deal of unexpended ferocity left over from his recent and most impressive Symphony. Perhaps it was the attempt to make an amenable and light-hearted concerto out of essentially unamenable material that accounted for the nervously jagged effect of the work.

In the course of a highly accomplished piano recital by Peter Katin, we heard a new sonata by Malcolm Lipkin, mainly notable for the attractive texture and layout of its last movement. To judge by a clear tape recording of the broadcast of Lennox Berkeley's Sextet for clarinet, horn and strings, this was by far the most successful of the new works. Slightly less spontaneous perhaps than the delicious Horn Trio (one of Berkeley's happiest inventions, now fortunately available in an H.M.V. recording), the Sextet is written throughout with a fine craftsmanship which delights both ear and intelligence.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Social Realism and the Young

THE Leicester Galleries' *Artists of Fame and of Promise* exhibition includes a very fine coast landscape by Henry Inlander, a young painter of exceptional talent. The general effect of the show, however, is tame. There are, of course, individual canvases which deserve appreciation and none is worthless, yet one finds oneself thinking in terms of framed "oils" rather than of memorable images, and wondering whether the most aware art of our unsettled time could possibly be as politely acceptable as most of these pictures—the Stanley Spencer and the William Roberts are notable exceptions.

This leads one to think of those young artists whose work is so famously unacceptable—Jack Smith, Greaves, Middleditch, George Fullard, Ralph Brown and half a dozen others. The dealers complain that their work is unsellable because too large and too sordid; critics interpret it in terms of contemporary violence, a love of ugliness or (with a dab at their mouth with a white folded handkerchief) Social Realism; collectors, even if they are appreciative, are doubtful how they can house their works; public gallery officials remember with relief that all these artists are still under forty—the age of decision for Buying Committees.

Their work described objectively *is* cumbersomely large, totally lacking in charm, raw, nearly always proletarian in subject matter and possibly somewhat aggressive—though in this last respect it must be distinguished from the work of sculptors like Elizabeth Frink and of those who follow Francis Bacon's horror booth.

They are the most talented painters of their generation. Whether they will do justice to their talent is a question on which opinion can differ. But that they can draw more soundly and are technically more proficient than most of their contemporaries is something that all open-minded teachers would agree upon—the only complication being that some teachers are not open-minded because, as professional painters themselves, they understandably have a prejudice in favour of their type of vision. But supposing one can accept this fact, and supposing that one also realises that the ability to draw is, granted reasonable aptitude, a question of strength of motive, determination and guts—the original question can then be posed in a slightly different way: Why do the young artists of most solid spirit today work in the way they do?

To answer that question fully one would have to consider each of them individually. But there is also, I believe, a general explanation—though I would welcome their contradiction if I am wrong. They are in reaction against Style, or what Style has come to mean, because they see it, in either life or art, as something which comes between basic facts and their understanding of them. Style for them is the dishonest keeping up of attitudes or appearances; a dishonesty which they find in much modern art (Formalism is an æsthetic keeping up of appearances) and in the hypocrisy of contemporary public life. It is, I think, scepticism about the way of the world which has led to the religious revival among the younger generation. These painters share this scepticism but leading, as painters always tend to do, tougher and more practical lives than some of their academic contemporaries, they have come to follow Martha rather than Mary and have arrived at an austerity which is almost religious, but which accompanies a profound respect for life as a purely human experience. They paint or sculpt the under-privileged because they have found their reactions more direct, more vital, less cluttered-up with considerations of Style. Actions take place in a scullery kitchen, pregnant women are seen shoeless, children are snotty, the chicken in the yard is preferred to the peacock on the lawn or to the fantasy of the phœnix, not because ugliness has any fascination for them, nor because they enjoy any inverted exoticism which might make Italian peasants or Parisian slum-dwellers more "exciting" than prosperous Birmingham engineers, but because in such bare circumstances the gifts of life—youth, animal energy, the domestic cycle, human love, the ability to endure and to be proud—all these seem more obvious and more precious. It is the greatest mistake to think of the "unattractiveness" of their work as in any sense perverse; they are, on the contrary, idealists declaring the few ultimate values which the H-bomb has shown us we all share.

The scale of their work is partly, I imagine, the result of their respect for their subject matter—they want to do it justice by working "life size"; partly it is a protest against art being used merely as a chic means of making a setting stylish. As for their work being unsellable, this is the price they pay for being honest during a period when the conventional social role of art is a mockery and an anachronism. Their case is not the same as that of the Impressionists or Cubists. Their art is not based on new technical discoveries which make it difficult to understand; their work is clear enough, but unfortunately for them it challenges the arbitrary division our society makes between what is called cultured and uncultured.

From all this it can be seen that the motives of these young artists are not (with one or two individual exceptions) directly social or political. Therefore, it may seem dishonest for me to claim that their work reveals a tendency to Social Realism. But this is to misunderstand what the term means. Realism is *not* photographic naturalism, however many mistakes have been made about this in Moscow. Nor are these artists realists because they are interested in what some call sordid subjects. They are realists because they feel deeply about what they observe in the actual world but never let their feelings about what they would like to see obliterate what they know to be true, and also because, in their selection of what they choose to describe about one case, they try to discover those facts which are typical of many others. In doing this they belong, however humbly, to the tradition of Masaccio, Piero della Francesca, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Goya, Géricault, Cézanne: as against the tradition of Duccio, Botticelli, El Greco, Claude, Delacroix, Gauguin or the Pre-Raphaelites. No one, of course, is going to deny the greatness of certain artists in the second tradition, but until the end of the last century their subjectivism and their love of the unique was always held in check by the existence of the first.

The meaning of adding the word Social to Realism is simple enough. If the content of a realist work has clear social implications, it can be said to be Social Realist. A painting of a

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single apple could not be a Social Realist work—but could be a masterpiece nevertheless. The fact that the young artists I am discussing find human motives and values revealed most spontaneously and vividly in a working-class environment has a clear social implication. Whether they themselves are very concerned or not with this implication is unimportant—they are reasonably more concerned with the problems of learning how to draw and of being true to their insight. But we who are inevitably more detached and who must realise that we live in a world of revolutionary social crisis cannot in all honesty avoid the implication—an implication made all the more significant by the fact that it occurs in the work of our most alive young artists intuitively and without political forethought.

For a Social Realist work to become a Socialist Realist work the artist must also be militantly aware of the social implications of what he is doing—as, for instance, Guttuso is. His atttiude will then be active instead of passive and the ideas of striving and achievement will be more stressed in his work. To demand, however, that these artists should be aware in this way would at the moment be premature, because such militancy is outside their experience and theoretical militancy only produces forced propaganda. As it is, the fact that they can find heroic inspiration only in the lives of those denied security, reveals the frustration of spirit behind the apathy and comparative comfort of the Welfare State, and in accepting this inspiration they are brave prophets.

JOHN BERGER

Zorin, Eliot and Fry

I WROTE last week that when we were considering the projection of stage plays on television we were almost inescapably in the province of the the second-best. The same is true obviously for stage plays on sound broadcasting. In neither case am I implying any condemnation. Most of us probably owe a debt greater than can easily be estimated to the work of provincial repertory theatres and touring Shakespeare companies. The debt we owe to sound broadcasting and shall increasingly owe to television is similar. Indeed, it may even go beyond this. Sound broadcasting in particular has been, among many other things, what one can only call a "missionary" activity, and I do not mean in the sense necessarily of striving to do good or to uplift or elevate. If, for example, the plays of M. Anouilh are successful on the English stage it may be due partly to the efforts of the B.B.C. and the Third Programme especially to popularise his work. Similarly, if, as one gathers is possible, the plays of Ugo Betti find a home in the West End, some of the credit for this very desirable state of affairs will have to go to the Third's productions of Mr. Henry Reed's translations. The Third has, in fact, especially where foreign plays are concerned, become the latter-day equivalent of bodies like the Stage Society. This is one of its most important functions, and one hopes the theatre proper is not entirely blind to it. It brings to our notice works hitherto unknown to us and helps to build up an audience for them.

Not all the work, of course, is of equal merit. Much of it would scarcely bear translation to the stage. This need not matter. There was an instance last week, when we heard the production of Leonid Zorin's *The Guests* in the Third Programme. It was as interesting an occasion as we have had for many months, but the interest was not primarily a dramatic one. How many years now since we have had a new Soviet play on the wireless? And *The Guests* was apparently first produced in Moscow last year. As a play, I did not think it very good; but the real interest lay elsewhere, for it was precisely the interest of a novel like Ehrenburg's *The Thaw*. Impossible indeed not to make a comparison between them, though as a criticism of contemporary Soviet society the play went far beyond the novel.

The plot was simple. There was the old Bolshevik, the hero of the days of 1917, living in honourable retirement in the country. He is visited by his son, a high official in the Ministry of Justice, a bureaucrat, and his grandson, a youth who is to be a career-diplomat. And these, through the agency of a visiting journalist, are exposed as opportunists who have forgotten the principles and the nature of the Revolution and have cynically acquiesced in the creation of a new, privileged official class, a new set of vested interests governed by what is expedient rather than by what is right and just. What the play showed us, in other words, was an alliance between the old generation of Communists and the young against the middle generation. In Moscow the play must have been a most effective and sensationally bold piece of journalism. Here, its interest lay in the light it threw on recent changes in Russia. Because it was a play, because it was drama, it took us into Russia as the excellent *Soviet View* programmes can scarcely be expected to do. I think the Third Programme is to be congratulated on its enterprise in making *The Guests* audible to us.

The Television Service is in no position to be as "missionary" as the Third. More accurately, because of its vast popular audience, it can draw that audience's attention only to work that has already been tested and approved. It does so, it must be admitted, in a pretty sporadic way. Weeks go by, and we are regaled with what can only be called the abysmal shallowness of light comedy. Then, quite suddenly, we have a run of plays much more serious and ambitious. We are in the midst of one now, and I suspect the reason is simple: in high summer there are far fewer viewers to be offended. Well, last week we had Mr. Fry's *A Phoenix Too Frequent*, last Sunday Mr. Eliot's *The Confidential Clerk*, and by the time this appears we shall have seen M. Anouilh's *Eurydice* as well. Mr. Fry's play remains a very pleasing joke. The importance of Mr. Fry seems to me often to be greatly exaggerated, but he comes as a boon to television Television may delight the eye, but it starves the ear. This Mr. Fry never does. In one way, it is normally his weakness: he sacrifices too much to his verbal exuberance; but on television, where verbal exuberance is the last thing we ever get, that alone gives his work an added lustre.

About *The Confidential Clerk* I was much less happy. I did not see it on the stage, but had I done so I suspect I would not have been particularly happy then. My own view is that as a dramatist Mr. Eliot took the wrong turning with *The Cocktail Party*; I am a *Family Reunion* man. Despite very polished performances by Miss Isabel Jeans and Mr. Harcourt Williams, I never found myself wooed while watching into any willing suspension of disbelief. Quite the opposite, in fact. I was conscious all the time of a clash between the traditional fable of long-lost children and Mr. Eliot's gnomic wisdom, and my mind went back to something Mr. Eliot wrote years ago about the objective correlative, in connection with a play by an earlier dramatist.

WILLIAM SALTER

Luis Bunuel

"The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz," at the National Film Theatre

A day at South Bank has brought me Luis Bunuel's new film, part of a Bunuel season which, owing to a muddle of addresses, I had so far missed. His is the harshest talent the cinema has known. At his best he may claim Baudelaire's privilege, as expressed in *La Charogne*, that for the poet contemplation expels disgust. But how often has he been at his best, and how far has he sought merely to void himself and disgust others? I can't, I'm afraid, quite answer those questions. Years and years ago, I saw *Un Chien Andalou* and *L'Age d'Or*, the surrealism with which he started; and I don't trust a student memory. *Land Without Bread*, a documentary of poverty in Northern Spain, I missed. Then came, for him and for us, the great silence. Bunuel reappeared in Europe with *Los Olvidados* (1951), by general consent his masterpiece, but by me more admired than liked. *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* captured all tastes: a classic with a modern edge, but still Crusoe. A recent melodrama of the stockyards seen at the Berkeley contained striking images, if a violence rather less real than Stroheim's. Now I have just missed *El*—through letters gone astray, all my own fault—but seen the *Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz*. My mind isn't quite made up, and perhaps that is the mood most fruitful for a critic.

"In my childhood—" begins the voice; and we see that childhood—spoilt, strident—for a few instants that will fix it forever. The child trying on his mother's stays in a cupboard, revolution out in the streets, a governess within weaving a

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fairy-tale round the gift of a musical box, a coincidence of the child's yearning for power with the governess shot at the window, blood oozing, the inert stockinged knees. . . . Then the voice takes shape—a patient in bed telling unwanted confessions to a nun; he threatens her with a razor; she runs and falls down a lift-shaft. That is his nearest approach to murder; but he has been haunted by manias, and has killed in fantasy, only escaping the deed by luck.

All his loves, his "murders," his fantasies are presented to us against a conventional background of wealthy Mexican lives. He is, though a rich man, an artist with pottery. He moulds—and plans to incinerate a model for wax fashions as Joan of Arc. He shakes hands, and slips a razor into his note-case pocket. He has found again the musical box of his childhood, and it plays devilish—and muzzy—tunes. There is a powerful fascination in this: one dreads worse horrors. Archibaldo is such a quiet, well-mannered, sensitive, if lost gentleman: Jekyll and Hyde aren't separate existences, but sweet and sour that can alternate by seconds, between one room and the next. We do indeed go away feeling that the forgotten bombs and mines of childhood may at any moment be stubbed into action; but also that this "criminal life" may be little more than that of Mr. Vincent Price in *House of Waxworks*, tightened up for us by a master of paradox. There are hints of self-parody, and the beautifully photographed end is a too easy way out. I have a feeling that Bunuel has a double possibility: he can constrict himself to a classic theme or form, and perhaps this might have been his best course; or he can let go—so far as commercialism will allow him. This, in fact, is what he has tended to do, and he can work miracles with a far-fetched or hackneyed tale. It would be hard to say how far *The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz* plunges deep, how far, brilliantly and incisively, it improves on the tawdriness of cinema's *grand guignol*. Some of the shocks administered—the alluring still-life corpse, the prestidigious play with a wax model, the final sparing of the insect on the tree trunk—have a genuine and disturbing stab of poetry. But we must see more Bunuel, and the National Film Theatre will be giving us chances. *Los Olvidados* is revived July 31-August 1; *Robinson Crusoe* August 2 and 3; another new film *Subida al Cielo* will run August 7-10, and we are promised *Archibaldo* again for the autumn.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Much Ado About Nothing," at the Palace

At the Palace Theatre a Stratford Memorial Theatre Company headed by Miss Peggy Ashcroft and Sir John Gielgud are giving a six weeks' season in which they are to alternate *Much Ado About Nothing* with *King Lear*. The *Much Ado* is the same production as was seen first at Stratford and later at the Phœnix Theatre. It was always a brilliant and highly polished affair, and in the course of time the polish has become even higher, the brilliance more dazzling. Sir John and Miss Ashcroft play together with a style and a wit that is as near perfection as we are likely to see in this wicked world. They seem to discover for us new refinements in the comedy with each restaging and to make the language work ever more fully and more effectively; not a syllable is thrown away or wasted that can point a nuance or sharpen a phrase. Both are masters of high comedy and both seem deeper embedded in the parts than the last time we saw them together (four years ago). Miss Ashcroft has got a new edge on her comedy, Sir John a robuster swagger in his carriage. If you have missed this superb virtuoso display, do not miss it again. If you have already seen it, it well rewards a re-seeing. The supporting company keeps the rest of the play going as well as may be. Mr. George Devine led a good comic Watch, with vigour, though he is one of the few Dogberrys who, if anything, underplays; and among the other newcomers Miss Moira Lister, Mr. Anthony Nicholas, Mr. Harold Lang, Mr. Richard Easton, Mr. Raymond Westwell and Mr. Anthony Ireland held their own.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

GENEVA AND THE MAP OF EUROPE

SIR,—You write: "The whole peace of Europe may hinge on the willingness of a German Chancellor, formally and finally to abjure the use of force in pursuing this claim" to the former German territories east of the Oder-Neisse line that are now parts of Poland and of the Soviet Union respectively.

If that is true, and I believe it is, the Governments who have forced rearmament on Western Germany and are willing to wreck a European settlement in order to persist in this criminal folly should be impeached. For Dr. Adenauer, in the words of Mr. Walter Lippmann (*N.Y. Herald Tribune*, July 18) "made it clear enough during his American visit this spring that his policy is to be armed by the United States, and then with the loyal support of the whole Western alliance, led by the United States, to negotiate a German settlement with the Soviet Union. Dr. Adenauer believes that in two or three years, when there is a German Army in Nato, his position will be strong enough to obtain reunification with frontiers that are much better than Potsdam. It follows that Dr. Adenauer neither expects nor desires serious negotiations about Germany at this time. . . . Even if the Soviet Union agreed to the Eden plan, Dr. Adenauer cannot sign a treaty which renounces the German claim to the lost territories. And the West cannot, of course, agree to the Soviet plan for a weak Germany confined within the Potsdam frontiers."

So there we have it: U.S. policy, Dr. Adenauer has reason to believe, is to arm Germany, then to back her in threatening to start a world war unless Poland submits to being partitioned again, and then to drag us into that war through Nato.

The Tories are such all-in appeasers of American Torydom that they are acquiescing in this crazy and suicidal policy. Let us hope that, as the facts sink in, Labour will wake up and lead a national revolt against it and for an agreement with France and the Soviet Union, with or without American co-operation, that will unite Germany within her present frontiers and on terms that keep her safe for peace.

House of Commons. K. ZILLIACUS

COUNTER-MENDELSOHNISM

SIR,—Since 1951 Canada has outlawed resale price maintenance and a host of other restrictive practices. In 1954 the Canadian Government appointed a Commission to inquire into the effects of this legislation. The report on the inquiry into "loss-leader" selling issued by this Commission should be read by all interested in the subject. It reveals that the abolition of resale price maintenance has greatly facilitated the healthy growth of the Canadian economy, brought innumerable benefits and freedom of choice to Canadian consumers and has prevented wasteful overcrowding in the distributive trades. The Report emphatically rejects any suggestion that there should be a return to the old order.

Canada is socially and economically one of the most progressive nations and what has happened there proves that Mr. Ricketts's reasoning is wrong from the word go. Apart from the Canadian example, there are many manufacturers of branded goods of international repute who do not price maintain their goods. None of these has found that a policy of price freedom, at the retail level, adversely affected their brand's reputation, their long-term policies or—most important of all—their continued progress.

M. HARRIS

48 Hazelbrook Road,
Terenure, Dublin.

LIBERATED FRANCE

SIR,—In your issue of July 16, at the end of an otherwise admirable review of *Liberated France* by Catherine Gavin, A. J. P. Taylor puts forward a view of France which to me—a British business man living and working in France—appears so grossly misleading as to warrant a reply. ". . . Cynicism about public affairs and a total indifference to them; a concentration on private pleasures, every restaurant precisely catalogued, every wine evaluated. The civilised message of France to the modern world is: 'eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die'."

For the tourist, quite naturally, restaurants and wines occupy a large place in the holiday scene. And, of course, restaurants are catalogued: the tourist trade is one of France's main industries. And, surely, it *would* need no thought for tomorrow *not* to evaluate the wines of France? But A. J. P. Taylor is an historian of distinction: has he really not looked further than any casual tourist? This "concentration on private pleasures": surely he knows that working hours in France, in office and factory, in town and country, are longer than, for instance, in England or U.S.A. And what about some of the achievements these working hours have led to: take the railways: the tremendous effort after the war-time destruction, the world record for the fastest run on rails. Or the huge dams constructed since the war at Genissiat and Donzère-Mondragon? Or the aircraft industry: a French helicopter recently broke the world's height record, a French Jet has just passed the sound barrier in horizontal flight, the "Caravelle" prototype is a challenge to the Comets.

Just these few examples show that quite a lot of people cannot be spending too much of their time concentrating on evaluated wines in catalogued restaurants. And is it really the Omar Khayyam theme that is so typical of France today as to represent her "civilised message to the modern world"? Agreed that there is much cynicism, and indifference to, public affairs—although the Mendès-France interlude and the reported success of his present speaking tour seem to be notable pointers to the contrary—but also, surely, great awareness of world problems and constant and widespread discussion of them. To point to a few examples: reviews such as *L'Express*, *Esprit*, *Les Temps Modernes;* newspapers like *Le Monde*; groups such as Jeunesses Intellectuelles Catholiques; the activity of writers like J. P. Sartre, Albert Camus, François Mauriac, Malraux, Raymond Aron, Albert Beguin, etc., etc. France is a very agreeable country in which to live or to have one's holiday. But do

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GEORGE WALLERSTON

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EPSTEIN AND THE CHURCH

SIR,—Mr. Greene's letter will distress his admirers as much as it irritates Sir Jacob's. His peculiar standards would appear even more so if applied to this country: here we have a Catholic Legion of Decency, which dominates the entire field of production censorship of American films, and can draw for pickets and demonstrators on such groups as the Catholic War Veterans, and for support on pastoral letters from bishops and archbishops. Yet Mr. Greene would find it outrageous for anyone to link these activities with the Church, on the grounds that the Pope has never specifically condemned a Hollywood film by name.

The fallacy is obvious, whereby, in the face of public criticism, a reactionary bishop (whom Mr. Greene chooses to know nothing about) is deemed negligible, because the Pope has not attacked Sir Jacob personally; but an enlightened abbot—whose address Mr. Greene conveniently has at his finger-tips—suddenly becomes the Voice of the Church . . . but where is the papal encyclic *in favour of* Sir Jacob that would justify such a role?

Mr. Greene would no doubt at this point be willing to be the "bishop" in this case, and say that such duplicity is his alone. But anyone who has argued with spokesmen of the Church will recognise it as a pattern which they follow when asked to elucidate the Catholic position, not only on Art, but on such matters as dictatorship, labour, or war-time collaboration with the Nazis.

And let Mr. Greene be reminded that in all those cases, when the ultimate re-alignments are made, the "bishops" are never disavowed, but the "abbots" are almost invariably denounced and jettisoned. As the Sillonistes were condemned, so were the worker priests, and so would the war-time Catholic Resistants have been thrown to the wolves, and Cardinal Suhard extolled, had the Germans been able to keep Petain in power.

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BATSFORD

In fact, Mr. Greene should be happy that he is living in a country where the Church has so little political power, so that it will, for some time yet, gratefully find cultural alibis in such things as an occasional sculpture by Epstein . . . and novels by Mr. Graham Greene.

JOHN D. HUE

68 Charles Street,
New York 14.

OXFORD TRAFFIC

SIR,—Your Comment, last week, about the Oxford roads prompts the retort that there is too much talk about the loss of beauty to the city, and not enough concerning the fundamental fact: that daily people are being killed and maimed in the appalling traffic chaos.

The necessary road that even a child can see is needed is the Christ Church Meadow one. This could be cut from the railway bridge, and travelling straight would meet the Iffley Road, making a junction higher up at Donnington Lane to join the proposed Donnington bridge to the Abingdon Road one. Traffic then would be travelling in a complete square, and the feed made would ward off so many vehicles from the city centre that just the idea of it to the Oxonian is staggering. But what do we get? We get this road turned down every year on the excuse that it would spoil the beauty of Oxford. No one apparently has ever seen or heard of Paris. They just cannot visualise those perfectly straight roads that throw bridges over waters nearly as lovely as those in Oxford. And we have trees and colleges to heighten the charm of such a road.

Not that I am saying that the Christ Church Meadow one would solve everything. That, and an underground tunnel beneath the "High" probably would, but my plea is for a little sanity and human feeling in the matter. What is beauty when actual living life is in the balance? And if that is not important, then I say to the intellectuals, and the council, and the Preservation Trust people, and the University authorities, take out your pencils and work out the amount of petrol and manpower hours that are wasted daily on a walking ten-minute journey from the Plain to Carfax, which now takes a car anything from twenty to thirty-five minutes to travel down in the busy hours, with death leaping by all the way. What the tourists think of the strangulation of the city I just don't know, but I do know that we ordinary people of Oxford look on appalled and helpless. With so many brains running about loose the traffic state of the town is a crying shame.

C. F. STUART RUSSELL

6 Churchway,
Iffley.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SIR,—Properties compulsorily purchased about sixty years ago for the enlargement of the British Museum have still not been used. Government after Government begrudges the small amount needed to extend the absurdly short hours during which the Reading Room is open. Is there any real likelihood of the fulfilment of the suggested vast development?

If not, what good purpose is served by freezing seven acres in the centre of London?

It is one thing to call upon people to make sacrifices for some tangible public good, but quite another to expect them to do so for a chimera.

40 Museum Street, STANLEY UNWIN
London, W.C.1.

SOMETHING OF VALUE

SIR,—As one of those reviewers whom Walter Allen may have had in mind when he described Robert Ruark's *Something of Value* as being "grotesquely over-praised," may I make one or two comments on his own highly misleading notice? He seems to have made the mistake, grotesque in a reviewer of his experience, of identifying Mr. Ruark's own attitude with that of his White characters. This assumption vitiates his comments on the author's style and characterisation as well as his subject-matter. In fact Mr. Ruark—who, be it remembered, is an American, and could see the problem from the outside—drew his Nairobi drunks and neurotic settlers with a savage and uncomplimentary accuracy all the more effective for being without comment. Both the quotations Mr. Allen pillories are deadly accurate pastiche: the first of a stiff-upper-lip, sentimental old English farmer, obviously reared on Marie Corelli and Kipling; the second of a bunch of loud-mouthed Bwanas suffering in equal proportions from gin, arrogance and nerves.

Mr. Allen does not mention the fact that Mr. Ruark is equally effective in characterising the *Kikuyu* point of view; a bold feat, carried out with both knowledge and sympathy, which I have not seen attempted in any of the previous novels on the subject with anything like Mr. Ruark's assurance. No one could read his account of Karanja's superbly dignified and ritualistic wedding, carefully juxtaposed with an unbelievably vulgar White ceremony, and still take Mr. Ruark as the apologist of Imperialism.

As Mr. Allen rightly observes, many of the problems in dealing with this book are extra-literary. Mr. Allen is at liberty to take what view of Kenya, Mau Mau, and colonialism he pleases; but not to saddle an author with the dicta of his more unpleasant characters. I cannot believe that Mr. Allen has been deliberately tendentious (though when myself reading the book I marked his second quotation "ideal for NEW STATESMAN AND NATION out of context"); I suspect he may be guilty of the more forgivable sin of skipping. How many reviewers, I wonder, could put their hands on their hearts and swear they read all these 543 pages?

PETER GREEN

Drive Cottage,
Akeley Wood, Nr. Buckingham.

[Walter Allen writes: "Mr. Green flatters himself: since I do not read his reviews I did not know he had praised *Something of Value.* I am grateful to him for his courteous and entirely free lesson in the principles of literary criticism, for he is obviously a subtle critic. In this instance, however, I can only think that his subtlety has led him to read no end of subtlety into as crude a piece of work as has come my way these many months. Mr. Green makes play with the author's objectivity, as an American, towards his scene and subject. I take it other Americans may be credited with as much objectivity. A curious thing about the reception of this novel has been the coolness towards it of much of the American press as contrasted with the praise it has received here. My handling of Mr. Ruark's book was sissy compared with that of *Time*—but then *Time* notoriously sees eye to eye with the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on matters of public interest."—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

COVENT GARDEN PRICES

SIR,—Whilst sympathising both with Mr. David Webster and Mr. John May in recent correspondence on Italian Opera, I wonder whether it is not possible to evolve a scheme whereby both Covent Garden Opera and the public may jointly benefit.

At present, it would appear that only those who can afford to pay the piper may hear the tune. In effect, the "not so well to do" may attend five routine performances during a season and, when Gala performances are announced, either find the seats too expensive or, in many cases, sold out.

If a certain number of subscription vouchers were to be made available at the beginning of a new Season, entitling the purchaser to attend five performances of standard repertory works and one additional Gala performance at the normal price, this would ensure a fairer distribution of seats and also obviate the maddening rush on the first day of booking. It must, of course, be understood that unless a subscription has been confirmed by a certain date after the commencement of booking, the seat will be made available to the general public.

Whether this idea, as suggested, is practicable in this form, I do not know, but I feel that possibilities along these lines should not be overlooked.

E. B. COHEN

99 Beddington Lane,
Croydon.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Ernest Hemingway

THREE good Hemingways and a poor one—*To Have and To Have Not*—have been issued in the Penguin edition. He is the dreamy self-made, growing boy of contemporary literature. When things are going well in his novels the weather is fine; when they are bad, the rain falls or the weather breaks. (This happens both in *A Farewell to Arms* and in *For Whom the Bell Tolls.*) That is the simple pattern of the boy's spirit: it is wet or it is fine, one feels good or one feels bad. This pattern is, of course, susceptible of elaboration. With the force and originality of a revolutionary talent, Hemingway has carefully kept himself compressed, by every device he can think of, into this limited civilisation and, re-reading him, one sees how he survives, in his best work, the acid criticism that has often been directed at him. Single-mindedness in the exploration of his simple purpose—"the way" an action is—preserves him. If we object that his people are spiritually illiterate, that they are men and women regarded only as manifestations of physical instinct and cunning, without minds and without emotional equipment; that he is a "tough" Naturalist and leaves out what may be called the middle part of their lives—if we stick to such criticisms too long, we shall lose sight of the lyrical elation in his work and the epic ambition to conserve our earliest sensations.

This has led to its own corruptions, for Hemingway has used affectation in following his course and he is one of those novelists who provoke annoyance with the pleasure they have given. He has paid a heavy price also for romantic expatriation. The Spaniards, to take an example, are the touchiest people in the world and no two Spaniards agree on any subject; but Arturo Barea made a good point when he objected that Castilian partisans would not put themselves under the leadership of a broken down horse-dealer and a bullfighter's tart, and that only a foreigner could make such a fundamental error. Another corruption which also seems to come from Hemingway's romantic expatriations and his artistic preference for everything foreign, is that his sense of tragedy is whittled down into the much safer sense of failure and the bad taste in the mouth. Failure is more soothing than the classic fact of total loss. The good things in Hemingway are traditionally American: the emotion of nostalgia, the boyishly absorbed passion for techniques of all kinds and the power to describe people who do not live under pressure and who are, in Huck Finn's words, "low down or'nery." The intensity and pressures of European life put this flat aspect of human character quite outside our power.

I take the last point first because it marks the revolutionary quality in Hemingway's work. Are Hemingway's fishermen, soldiers, bullfighters, boxers, gangsters and Spanish peasants ordinary people? Not really. He has portrayed the active, nomadic, anarchic side of their characters only, the part which will be subject to his two major interests: courage and fear, pride in physical excellence, sadness at its passing. The middle or civilised regions are missing. The trapped boxer in *The Killers* is frightened to death. That is all we shall know about him. The ordinary man carries inside him a relation to society: even this dirty boxer had a dirty relation. Why? Where? How did he feel about it? He presumably wanted "dough." What for? Quite properly, in this excellent story, we are not told; but one can see how, to give the boxer his wretched nomadic distinction, Hemingway had to repress the part of his life that relates him to his neighbours. In that part Hemingway is not interested and can be said (except possibly in the curious case of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*) never to have drawn a rooted man. None of his Americans seems so. He came closer to filling out into a man who had a moral home when he was in Spain, for there one could have the anarchy and the home together. Hemingway made something out of that automatic part of our minds which is neglected by the pressure of living.

In the writers who explored the stream of consciousness, thought was vivid, highly imaged, exact and chaotic. Hemingway reverses this uncontrollable method. We know places, certain towns, countrysides and city rooms intimately, yet can never describe them because we know them so well. Our minds are dulled by repetitious familiarity. We are aware of blurred feelings about them, but never trouble to formulate them, or stumble into repetitions if we do so. Or in actions: we see the boxer hit, the bull trot, the men quarrel in the street or lie in the sun, but "the way" the place or the person is, we do not write down because we ignore our sensibility to it. Hemingway has written down, almost puritanically, what we think we did not notice; the passive, warm, natural, ordinary impression of the idle mind.

Hemingway's writing has been an attack from below upon the received literary culture. It is an attack which can be compared with that made by Defoe and the first novelists of the 18th century upon the heroic and aristocratic story-telling of their predecessors. Hemingway saw that the main fault of our automatic consciousness is a repetition. This is dreary in naturalism but its sing-song can be put to use by the poetic gift. The first pages of *A Farewell to Arms* do this superbly:

> Troops went by the house and down the road and the dust they raised powdered the leaves of the trees. The trunks of the trees were too dusty and the leaves fell early that year and we saw the troops marching along the road and the dust rising and leaves, stirred by the breeze, falling and the soldiers marching and afterwards the roads bare and white except for the leaves.

That has come to sound affected but behind it lies a true and haunting extension of our way of seeing unthinkingly.

Nostalgia is already beginning in that paragraph. It is traditional: Poe, Twain, Whitman, Crane have already written in that mood. If we turn to Maupassant and Tolstoy, who have also the simple animal eye, it is missing. What American nostalgia longs for, it seems, is the lost future: the sense of the future in youth. Hemingway never grows out of this mood. There was once that wonderful beginning: now there is the end, failure, bitterness, sadness, age, finally death. There is no maturity between the two extremes. What he admired in the Spaniards and struggled by every artifice to acquire—with whatever degree of success is granted to the romantic temperament—was their willingness to accept death and life on equal terms. The nostalgia of the Colonel in *Across the River and Into the Trees* for the battlefields of the First World War, pathetic in its rancour and even comically boring, is a low manifestation of the feeling; a richer one, is Pilar's memory of her life with her bullfighter husband in Valencia, in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. These people, who live only for physical action, drug themselves with reminiscence and what they remember about last year is richer, and has more middle or substance, than what they do now.

The third strictly American thing in Hemingway is the busy, unending pleasure in techniques. There is a practical participation in the process of the action. Bull-fighting, boxing, fishing, big game shooting are done from the inside, for the sake of knowing the skills and the true ways in which these are done. Out of this knowledge will come the ability to follow the course of an action and refine the drama. Defoe alone has had this power in English literature before: Hemingway's art, like his, is that of the magic of recognition. I take these passages from *For Whom the Bell Tolls*:

> Robert Jordan went over to the packs and opening one, felt inside an inner pocket and brought out one of the flat boxes of Russian cigarettes he had gotten at Golz's headquarters. He ran his thumbnail around the edge of the box and opening the lid, handed them to Pablo who took half a dozen. Pablo, holding them in one of his huge hands picked one up and looked at it against the light. They were long narrow cigarettes with pasteboard cylinders for mouth pieces.
>
> "Much air and little tobacco," he said. "I know these."

It is a dry comment on Pablo's lost faith in the war; but no physical action, even one as small as running a thumbnail along a box lid, will be missed by Hemingway. More extraordinary, but marking the solid character of El Sordo, the true peasant Partisan of Castile, is this:

> El Sordo went into the cave and came out with a pinch bottle of Scotch whisky and three glasses. The bottle was under one arm, the three glasses were in the hand of that arm, a finger in each glass; and his other hand was around the neck of an earthenware jar of water. He put the glasses and the bottle down on the leg and set the jug on the ground.

Hemingway always establishes the impedimenta of life and is circumspect, even devout, in the disposition of things and objects. This is not dull, for it is a recognition of the fact that the unthinking part of ourselves lives naturally among things.

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* *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. *Penguin Books.* 3s. 6d.

To Have and Have Not; A Farewell to Arms; Men Without Women. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. *Penguin Books.* 2s. 6d. each.

The Spanish book is filled with minute observation because, in Spain, Hemingway had made a life for himself conscientiously. The foreign language had made ordinary things more apparent and ordinary words more vivid. In any case, speech has always been his supreme interest, for where other writers have made their style out of printed words he has made his out of talking. The transliteration of the Spanish is very close, and even when it is erroneous—especially in the subtleties of obscenity—or falls into the kind of fake language given to Mexicans in Western films, it at any rate shows Hemingway's delight in the technicalities of speaking. In one person, the peasant Anselmo, he caught the classical Castilian utterance and character wonderfully; indeed there are no false characters in the book, if we except the girl Maria who is little more than a boy's sex fantasy. Hemingway is never any good at describing love beyond the moment of sexual day-dream; his knowingness on this subject is the give-away. A hostile critic could say that in all action he has fear of losing face, and that this gives a kind of bombast to his work.

The Spaniards, and especially the Spanish war, matured the expatriate and enlarged his sympathies. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is a fine piece of architecture. Its defect is in the figure of the hero Robert Jordan, for though he is an actor in the drama, he is also—one uncomfortably feels—the observer. His death is convenient; it is not necessary; it fills the requirement of defeat which the Byronism of his generation used as an insurance against being asked the great questions. There is a vein of defensive dilettantism in Hemingway, as there was in Conrad—another historian of the nomads of action—who was one of his masters. Jordan is brave, able, soldierly, intelligent, curious; but, in the last few years, we would require to know far more about him and on what real ground he stood. Why did he not stand on native ground? It is the question we must put to Hemingway also. Was this ground not romantic enough? Did it lack the vividness of distant things? Why did America seem, for the most part, dull?

V. S. Pritchett

The Talk

They talked of Dr. Graham and the Church,
And William Moss the Labour candidate.
I thought how once I would have thought of you,
Of Dido's tears and of the shears of fate.

I would have thought of you and how you spoke
Of Picquette in her dress of cobweb-grey,
And of the six fauns' eyes between the saplings—
The lost girls', and the bad man in the play.

But when I thought of what I should recall,
Feeling, regret, and memory I had none.
Treason is absolute; it need not be
Treason to anything or anyone.

So with a sense of treason overhead
Clouding my mind, I followed the debate.
We talked of Dr. Graham and the Church.
We talked of Moss the Labour candidate.

James Reeves

Litvinov Speaks—Or Does He?

Notes for a Journal. By Maxim Litvinov. Introduction by E. H. Carr. *Deutsch.* 18*s.*

Stalin's rule in Russia is one of the great blanks of history, more obscure than the Trojan war or the days of Charlemagne. We have watched its effects from outside; but of what happened within the Kremlin we know virtually nothing. There has been silence ever since Trotsky's exile. Even the victims of the great purge only recited dictated confessions, which revealed little of the truth; and we have had to rely on evidence from the small fry—men so unimportant that they were allowed to escape. Now suddenly Litvinov, an old Bolshevik who was at the heart of Soviet foreign policy for more than twenty years, speaks from the dead. Here, it seems, are his random notes from 1926 to 1950. No wonder Professor Carr calls them "the most sensational work of its kind yet published." Even this is too weak: there is nothing else "of its kind." If it is genuine, it is a sensation without parallel.

But is it genuine? The Russian typescript reached the publisher from some unnamed Russians in Paris. When Mr. Carr went after them, they explained that it had reached them through an intermediary (now dead) from Madame Kollontai, also now dead, for long Soviet Minister at Stockholm, who was an old friend of Litvinov's. She or he had smuggled it out of Russia in instalments. Litvinov, it is alleged, made the original notes in cipher or in illegible handwriting; and then dictated them to a typist during his visits abroad. But even the typescript is a series of rough jottings—half-finished sentences put down at random and the most important details deliberately left out. All this sounds very unlikely. Would Litvinov ever have kept these notes in Russia, however illegible they might be? On the other hand, if he did so, was he so stupid as to assume that the typescript could be made harmless by leaving out a few names? It is impossible to prove that the notes came from Litvinov; yet equally difficult to be sure that they did not. A scholar, faced with this sort of problem, asks first where the document came from. To this question there is no satisfactory answer. He looks next at internal evidence. Is the document in Litvinov's style? Does it contain information which only he could have had? Style does not help us; we have nothing to compare it with. Much of it is internally plausible; but a skilful fabricator could have done it just as well, given time and patience. One very damaging quality is the writer's hindsight: he constantly slips in facts which only became significant later. But Litvinov might have done this himself.

Chapter IV is an additional puzzle. It reached the publishers after the rest had been accepted; it is different in style and inferior in interest. If the earlier parts are forgeries, why did the forger not keep to this original level? If they are genuine, why did the source weaken their claim by forging the additions? It is impossible to give an answer. Mr. Carr thinks that

> it contains a substratum of genuine material emanating in some form or other from Litvinov himself. But parts of it are certainly accretions added later by another hand or hands; and, while some of the accretions may be the authentic recollections of someone closely associated with Litvinov, others appear to be pure fiction.

This is a charitable, though a fair, verdict. The volume contains a number of interesting stories about Stalin's Russia, some of which may be true; but not a single line can be relied on as an authority.

Abandoning scholarship for the pricking of the thumbs (which is what historians often fall back on), I am inclined to accept the personal gossip—the conversations with Stalin, Kamenev, and others, and particularly the scandals. The orgies conducted by Soviet leaders—ballerinas given baths in champagne and so on—and the sexual quadrilles in the Soviet embassies abroad ring true. Russian statesman have alway had a taste for ballerinas; even Madame Kollontai kept up the tradition with Scandinavian sailors. And the greatest worry of all Foreign Ministers everywhere is the persistence with which the military attaché makes love to the wife of the second secretary. I am much more doubtful about the political passages. For instance, in 1928 Stalin wished to prevent Germany joining the Western Powers; and he therefore ordered the Russian generals to tell the Germans that they were planning a counter-revolution in favour of an alliance with Germany. This gave him the "dirt" which he used against Tukhachevsky nine years later. Wonderful, but too good to be true. Again, it is a very bad sign that the notes have a great deal about conditions in France and very little about England. The "source," as we know, lives in Paris; but Litvinov knew England intimately. The least plausible of all is Stalin's explanation of the anti-Soviet pact. Yet against all this we know that Litvinov was indiscreet as well as clever. Mr. Carr points out that the interview of 1946 in which he expressed views violently critical of Soviet policy has never been contradicted. Certainly, whoever wrote this book—whether Litvinov or another—was a very clever man. The reader will get much entertainment from it, and he can have the fun of literary detection into the bargain. It is a good thing to have some uncertainties in life; and the real truth about this book will probably never be known.

A. J. P. Taylor

The Kingdom of Kindness

Saint on the March. By Hallam Tennyson. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Vinoba Bhave, the saint in question, is Gandhi's spiritual heir, and, since 1951, the leader of Bhoodan Yagna, the Land Gifts Mission which is trying to persuade the landowners of India to give away one-sixth of their land to the poor. He is one of the most fascinating figures in the contemporary Asian scene and it is just possible he may turn out to be of historic importance. He might even be an earth-shaker; let us hope so.

Mr. Tennyson has written a rambling but captivating book about him. I do wish, though, that he had not been quite so reticent about himself; in a case of this kind, an author's credentials are rather important, and all he tells us is that he and his wife were admirers of Gandhi and did relief work during the Hindu-Moslem riots. I gather he is American, but he has plenty of humour and is well aware of the dangers of mystagogy. As he himself nicely puts it: "The lunatic fringe is a necessary background to the occasional religious genius who emerges from it." He gives you excellent reportage: strong impressions of Indian heat—those trains—also of some of the saint's entourage: Gandhi's peppery granddaughter Sumitra; Pat, the young New Englander who (oh dear) has taken a vow to speak only Hindi.

Nothing mawkish or sloppy about Vinoba. You get the impression of a bright, dry, bird-like little man, with an obsession for mathematical precision and punctuality. He is aged sixty and comes of an orthodox Brahmin family. At twelve, he took a vow of chastity. After a spiritually stormy adolescence, he became Gandhi's most prized disciple. "Your love and character overwhelm me," said Gandhi, and later honoured Vinoba by choosing him as the first resister to court open arrest in the individual non-violent movement of 1940. He spent five years in jail, brushing up his Moslem theology and learning more languages. Until Gandhi's death his role was that of sage and mystic rather than politician. Then, in April, 1951, at the conference of the neo-Gandhian Sarvodaya Samaj (Welfare of All Society), reluctantly but decisively he became active. The conference was held in Hyderabad, then, with every reason, a centre of such intense Communist activity that it looked like becoming the Yennan of India. Vinoba led a walking pilgrimage through the poorest areas, and wept over the plight of the peasants. At Pochempelli a landowner gave him 100 acres of his land for the use of the 40 Harijan (Untouchable) families of the village. The movement spread. When Vinoba left Hyderabad, after seven weeks, he had 12,000 acres. Three years later, when Mr. Tennyson visited him, he had collected over three million acres and become the largest single landowner in India.

Can this be, or can it become, the genuine agrarian revolution which is essential "if India is to be prevented from going Communist?" Is there the faintest possibility of it developing further into Vinoba's ideal of the revolution through love and the Kingdom of Kindness? Experience answers: not a hope. Optimism points out that holy India, like holy Ireland, has a habit of upsetting materialist predictions.

Certainly the picture of Vinoba that emerges is an impressive one. This is no ordinary fakir allowing himself to be pushed into the ring as the Congress Party's latest hope for the anti-Communist championship. Nevertheless he is an ingenious and witty propagandist in his own right. "You are like doting mothers," he told the Communists, "you love the masses and want to ruin everyone else for their sake. But doting mothers end by ruining their children too." Another neat crack was: "Marxist literature is as wide and shoreless as the sea. Since our ancient scriptures has anyone equalled the Communists in their boundless zeal for repetition?" And when told that his own idea added up to Communism minus violence, he smiled: "Perhaps. But then you might say that two people were identical except that one breathed and the other was a corpse."

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Born to Dig

Said and Done. By O. G. S. CRAWFORD. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

The Track of Man. By H. FIELD. *Peter Davies.* 21*s.*

Reputable autobiographies are of two sorts: those written by artists and essentially concerned with the inner world of imagination, and those written by men and women who have done things or met people in the world of affairs. Both these books belong unequivocally to the second class and make their appeal to that already large and still growing body, the camp-followers of archæology.

For anyone who has read recent biographies of the other kind—say Edwin Muir's or Richard Church's—the comparison is revealing. In one the Orkneys, in the other late Victorian London, are re-created as they appeared in the eyes of gifted boys, boys who stood apart as artists do, and then as adults were ready to exhibit their cherished images to the rest of us, censing them in sweet clouds of nostalgia. When Mr. Crawford and Mr. Field write of their childhood nothing quickens; these scraps of personal history, some remembered, some taken from diaries, are powerless to transport their readers to another world. So their books are dull? Not at all. Both of them, and especially *Said and Done*, have very considerable interest even in their early chapters. They faithfully record the strangely inevitable shaping of ends of two men decreed by the stars above or the genes within to be distinguished archæologists.

Their backgrounds were very different. Mr. Crawford, having been orphaned in boyhood, was brought up by charming but far from wealthy aunts, and although an Indian civil pension paid for public school and university, he lived in an austerely simple and confined world. Mr. Field was a member of the founding family of the great Field Museum of Natural History at Chicago, but his mother married again, carrying off the little American boy to live in a famous country-house in Leicestershire with

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GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD

a step-father who was M.F.H. of the Quorn and a close friend of the Prince of Wales. Yet growing up in surroundings which seem to have little in common except the absence of any obvious archaeological lure, each was drawn slowly—almost, it appears, hypnotically—towards giving his own life to reconstruct the life of ancient man.

For young Field the way was smooth. As a child he could command labour to dig an Anglo-Saxon site on his step-father's estate, and soon after received a present of antiquities from the Queen of Italy; at just the right moment in his Oxford career a thousand-dollar cheque arrived from a Field relation and took him to Kish. While still an unknown student he could always meet the great and famous; once he had proved himself, there was a vacancy and family support waiting for him at the Field Museum. Since then he has led a valuable and successful career in archaeological excavation and research and as a curator; the Halls of the Stone Age and the Races of Mankind at Chicago, the finest museum displays of their kind in the world, will stand as a lasting memorial to his energy and determination.

Mr. Crawford certainly was not born with a silver trowel in his mouth. He was never, as he frankly says, particularly "brainy"; he did badly at Marlborough (which he loathed) and not very well at Oxford, though once he had begun to discover his bent, and courageously changed from reading Greats to geography, his own peculiar gifts had a chance to develop. These lay in the direction of an odd kind of originality, an intuitive recognition of fertile new territories awaiting cultivation. Indeed, the whole subject of prehistoric archaeology was an undeveloped territory when he began to explore it before the first World War, and he is one of half a dozen pioneers who turned it into a serious and professional subject. More than that, however, his originality showed itself in his brilliant development of archaeological air-photography, his work at the Ordnance Survey which has put this country well to the fore in the mapping of antiquities, in his introduction of ecological methods, and in the inspiration which for a quarter of a century has maintained his journal, *Antiquity,* as a lively international forum. It is a paper every issue of which bears the mark of its impatient, uncompromising, humorous and anti-academic editor.

DENT

The new book by
Dylan Thomas
A Prospect of the Sea

The contents, all of which have not previously been published in book form in this country (except stories from *The Map of Love,* now out of print), range from stories written in the 'thirties, including the title story 'A Prospect of the Sea,' which belongs to the time when the author first settled at Laugharne by the sea, to the essay 'A Story', which appeared in the *Listener* a few months before his death. 10*s.* 6*d.*

★

New in 'The Master Musicians'
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The association of Anton Bruckner and Gustav Mahler in one Master Musicians volume is opportune to-day when their work is being performed more frequently than hitherto. Dr. Redlich's biographical chapters present the facts of two very different lives most interestingly; those on the music show his profound knowledge of the scores and the many cross-currents between one work and another and occasionally between the two personalities.

With a calendar of events, tables of compositions, bibliography, photographs, music examples, etc. 9*s.* 6*d.*

Said and Done shows the same mark. Some of it is too personal and trivial; there are touches of wrong-headedness such as a sudden attack on literature (which, of course, is far more important than the history of alphabets); characters appear abruptly without introduction; yet the book as a whole has a charming idiosyncrasy, a personal flavour, that make it very pleasant reading. Just as Crawford's career has had greater freshness and individuality, if less steadiness, than Field's, so, too, has his account of it. Both men have done excellently by their subject, but while the American took a well-marked road, the Englishman went off by himself, cutting new trails where many have been glad to follow.

Jacquetta Hawkes

Grace Abounding

Nature in Shakespearian Tragedy. By Robert Speaight. *Hollis & Carter.* 15*s.*

"There is one thing in *Hamlet* more important than the Prince of Denmark—and that is Denmark." When I read the opening words of Mr. Speaight's first chapter I wondered if I was in for yet another bad book bent on creating some political or mass-psychological diversion—anything to get away from the pale young man with his shirt and his hair and his untidy stockings. That the book is nothing of the sort becomes apparent at once: it has style—a nice cool rhetoric and delicacy of adjectival phrase—and it makes a number of important points with precision and economy. Mr. Speaight is not a critic in the modern analytical manner but he has the gift of saying things that are obviously true and relevant (we even seem to remember having heard something very similar) and at the same time they surprise us into reconsidering familiar plays. We know quite well that Miranda has had her father for a schoolmaster during the last twelve years, and yet when Mr. Speaight makes her stand out among Shakespeare's paradisal heroines as the image "of an instructed, not a sentimental, innocence," he shifts *The Tempest* a little in its settled elements. Or when he points out that Antony's despair has the effect of clarifying his speech. Or when he notices how Hamlet, in that welter of indecision, is ready for one thing, which is his own death.

Mr. Speaight begins with the concept of Nature, remarking how rich and variable it is in Shakespeare and how it comes up again and again at moments of high drama. And then he follows the fortunes of this concept through six of the great plays between *Hamlet* and *The Tempest,* holding it, while he discusses it, in loose and flexible relationship to Christian orthodoxy. In all this he has the intelligence to know what he is doing; he recognises that Shakespeare's personal beliefs are, within pretty wide limits, anybody's guess, and he does not try to construct a substitute theology out of the plays. Nevertheless, Mr. Speaight stands where he does stand in the Catholic Christian tradition, and Shakespeare emerges from his book standing there too. "No poet," he says, "ever had more natural *pietas* than Shakespeare—his poetry is from first to last a poetry of respect—and this *pietas* seemed to me strictly sacramental in its regard for created things." Surely the answer to this is, Yes and No. If we take *pietas* to mean Shakespeare's insatiable appetite for life and that potent reverence which he is capable of showing towards nearly all its forms, then this is the primary truth about him and it can hardly be stated too often. But Mr. Speaight goes much further; he attempts to build up Grace into the complement of Nature in Shakespeare's work, and his degree of success seems to vary a great deal from play to play.

He is entirely convincing in *The Tempest* where the need for grace is clearly stated at both extremes, by Caliban as well as Prospero. In *Othello* his predispositions simply lead him astray: it seems hopelessly out of tune to suggest that "we may interpret the last kiss breathed upon Desdemona's lips as a sign of the love of God." Gloucester's comment that Lear "falls from bias of nature" is taken in a specifically Christian sense, and Mr. Speaight regards Edgar and Cordelia as "the male and female, the active and passive counterparts of a single redemptive process." That seems not so much wrong as very partial. *Macbeth* he describes as "a play about faith decayed into superstition" and he makes the admirable point that the criminal hero touches us precisely because the drama of temptation is "played out inside a Christian and instructed conscience"; but in order to view the play from the standpoint of faith he is forced to inflate the part played by England and its "holy king" in a way that will not bear critical examination. But then again he says that in *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakespeare "asserts . . . his belief in the resurrection of the flesh," and I find myself forced to think again about the strange posthumous erotics foreshadowed in that play.

Perhaps Shakespeare changed more radically than Mr. Speaight will allow. Certainly the seventeenth-century tradition that he died a Papist is more respectable than most, and, equally certainly, Mr. Speaight is at his happiest with *The Tempest.* In any case it is much easier when writing about Shakespeare to find fault with someone else's picture than to paint a better one: it would be ungenerous to a sensitive and serious book not to say so.

John Jones

Our Medieval Sculpture

Sculpture in Britain: the Middle Ages. By Lawrence Stone. *Penguin Books.* 45*s.*

There is always a Procrustean element in the effort to fit a book within the limits of a series. Mr. Lawrence Stone has been more fortunate than some of his fellow authors in the Pelican History of Art in having a subject that seems perfectly to fit the destined length; I say "seems", for I suspect that much is due to Mr. Stone's literary and selective skill. At all events he has produced an admirable account of an interesting subject, a book that is itself something of a creative work. His sense both of historic background and of stylistic development makes it more than a history of sculpture; here, more easily than in the complex field of manuscript illumination, the beginner in the study of English art may find a firm framework into which to fit his increasing knowledge.

Mr. Stone stresses the essential Englishness of English medieval sculpture, the tallness of its figures and the restlessness of its drapery, both of which go back to the "Winchester School" of illumination; and a tendency to linear abstraction and rhythmic pattern, which in its turn seems to stem from a tradition of the Dark Ages. (The amiable naturalism of the French Court school, and the robuster realism of Claus Sluter only find faint echoes in this country.) The influence of these two traditions, neither of them derived from work in the round, may in his view help to explain the fact that English sculpture is not truly three-dimensional before the sixteenth century.

Mr. Stone succeeds better than most writers in disentangling the skein of Pre-Conquest sculpture, and in distinguishing the changes which the Conquest brought. He stresses the independence of England from the orthodox Christian iconography of the Continent, and its own characteristic contribution to the imagery of Our Lady. He shows his grasp of the subject in his exposition of the Kilpeck group of sculptures; a *crux* which it is tempting to leave without consideration. For the later Middle Ages he again provides a framework for further study by his relation of sculpture to its architectural setting. In considering the English alabasters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries he seems to hesitate in attributing the reliefs found abroad to English ateliers; yet the French and Flemish examples, recorded and extant, are nearly all in the round, whereas the English examples, apart from tomb figures, are in relief. It is a good deal more than probable that the sculptured alabaster reliefs of this date found abroad are of English workmanship.

A few small criticisms may be offered. It was perhaps unwise to include Irish sculpture, since it could only receive summary consideration; while incised brasses and enamelled stall plates seem hardly to be sculptural. The Coronation of the Virgin on the Grandisson tomb at Hereford (p. 174) is, alas, no longer headless; the heads have recently been restored in plaster with a complete want of honesty and taste. Chased (which usually implies relief) is not the right word for the surface decoration of the robes of Richard II on his tomb.

This is, in fact, one of the most readable volumes that has yet appeared in the Pelican Series, and felicitation rather than criticism must be offered to its author.

JOAN EVANS

New Novels

The Candidate. By MARTIN MAYER. *Secker & Warburg*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

A Day Among Many. By LORNA PEGRAM. *Hutchinson*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

Son by Adoption. A Story of Seventy Years Ago. By MRS. EDWARD WHALLEY-TOOKER. *Faber*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

To declare one's special interests should be a point of honour among fiction reviewers. Let me say at once, then, that I am a glutton for the political novel. Sensitive childhoods, books about the disabled, the simple, or the psychopathic, Christ's fools, men-in-white sagas of Bart's or Thomas's, all novels about the theatre (rep. and dramatic school especially) except for Mr. Maugham's plain tale, primitives in Cornwall, Skye, Kwangsi, Flint or Louisiana—these I have loathed with a generous and all-embracing eclecticism. But Taper and Tadpole, Mr. Rigby in his Tusculum, Phineas Finn's maiden speech, Mrs. Humphry Ward's cabinet minister gargling a chorus or two of Euripides in his wife's boudoir before a late sitting, the brusque eruption of Sir William Harcourt into Conrad's *Secret Agent* ("no details, pray!")—all this is just my meat. And for this reason I have derived a quite disproportionate amount of pleasure from reading Mr. Martin Mayer's *The Candidate*.

As a plain piece of imaginative reporting, an informed glance into the engine-room of affairs, this is the best account of state politics in America that I have read since *All the King's Men*. Though William (Billy) Clelland, a mid-West Governor, is far from being a Huey Long, he is not without his natural share of ambition. Handsome, distinguished, dynamic, an ex-college professor of ample means, he is a fine proconsular figurehead, already tipped as a candidate in the next Presidential election. Clelland is the quick-thinking good neighbour, the kind of man whose mind, in a tricky situation, automatically clicks out a compromise between justice and expediency, while the handclasp, the backslap, the pat on the shoulder is still warming his victim. He swims into our ken on the crest of the wave, surrounded by a phalanx of senators, bureaucrats, pressmen, and state troopers, on his way to inspect the local university's Animal Husbandry Barns:

> The cows were, indeed, making themselves part of the atmosphere. Their routine upset, their cells polished to uncomfortable brilliance, their coats scrubbed by hurried lackeys, their udders chilled

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by great blasts from the deodorising blowers, they roared disapproval at the approaching official party. Smothered by their bewildered lowing, conversation died; and the procession was listening when Forester spoke in his bright old-man's voice.

"'Pears," he said carefully, "like the Governor got the cows all excited."

Forester chuckled and wriggled his backside happily, and both the chuckle and wriggle were deliberate: Forester was shrewd; he had learned young that there was little profit in brains, and had put his mouth where the money was. Now he was an outstanding character, a touch of the good earth amidst the gray Gothic spires of the University, a flavour of old pioneer reality amidst the foreign books—it was practically required that every fraternity feed him a free meal once a month. Even President Hofmann, who was a physicist and knew about bombs and was not, as a usual matter, entirely stupid, considered Gus an asset, a valuable part of the University.

Billy Clelland has enemies—a local press magnate whose career has marched step by step with the Governor's, a Jewish columnist who believes (wrongly) that Clelland has seduced and then abandoned his sister. An imbecile killer named Marcioni is on his way to the chair for shooting up a poker saloon and the Governor's opponents are planning a press campaign that will smear Clelland whether the man is reprieved or not. Fundamentally, you could describe this novel as a study in the conflict between conscience and *vox populi*. But somehow Mr. Mayer fights shy of his theme. The power wheels whirr, the stadium roars, the Governor settles a laundry strike, and before we know where we are, the show is over and Mr. Mayer, who is now a cheer leader, is out on the sidewalk with a Clelland button in his lapel, inviting us to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." It has been an exciting spectacle, but the moral perceptions necessary in a book of this kind seem to be strangely lacking.

After so much life at high pressure Miss Pegram brings us back to the domestic inconsequential. This clever first novel—which appeared some weeks ago but has not been generally reviewed—is described by the publisher as "A study of twenty-four hours in the lives of a group of intellectual young people in London." Intellectual? True, one of them is a painter, another a sculptress, a third is vaguely literary, a fourth quotes Donne on a bus, a fifth fails to compose music and a sixth once met Picasso—one can see how it all adds up. For myself, I found Miss Pegram's characters a strange and charming set of orphans in the storm; they bear an odd resemblance to the ageless adolescents we used to meet in the early plays of Mr. Rodney Ackland. They fight, make it up, brew tea, coffee, lend each other half-crowns, and commit haphazard acts of infidelity, dramatising their lives the while in an unceasing flow of witty whimsical conversation. Sometimes, as in this art exhibition vignette, Miss Pegram can be very funny indeed:

> Alice saw a girl who seemed familiar to her. She was big, with straggling blonde hair, a strong uncared-for face and a splendid body. She wore dirty blue slacks and a shapeless pullover.
>
> "Hallo," she said, looking at the room.
>
> "Like them?" said Robert.
>
> "Haven't looked yet." And lighting half a cigarette she went to the nearest picture and stared at it, putting the dead match into a hip pocket without attention.
>
> "Someone you know?" said Alice.
>
> "Of course," said Robert.
>
> Alice felt pale and thin and unreal. She envied the brusque exchange, the altogether consistent look of the girl. Not that she would choose to be like that, but to be so completely like anything bemused her with admiration. . . . The girl came to them again.
>
> "Lot of dirty colour about," she said, grinding out her cigarette. . . .

Personally, I enjoyed this novel a great deal and look forward to the writer's next book. Miss Pegram has proved that she can write excellent dialogue. It is now only a question of her finding something for her characters to do.

Finally, there is Mrs. Whalley-Tooker whose M.S., languishing in some bottom drawer since 1902 or thereabouts, has now been brought to light by Messrs. Faber. How grateful we should be to them! And how grateful we feel to the authoress, how we revel in her ample certainties! Mr. Mayer is uncertain whether or not he approves of his hero (on the whole, he seems to think Billy Clelland is a regular guy); Miss Pegram wryly condones her puppets' unfaithfulness while implying that *au fond* they all have rather exquisite natures. There is no such ambivalence about Mrs. Whalley-Tooker. In 1885, Dobbins were faithful, all mothers were Mrs. Darlings, a shrew was a shrew and the Vicar *was* the Vicar. Chivalry, truth-telling, the building up of character—the code was as certain and inevitable as the five per cent. Exchequer bond on which the system rested. "Play *forward* in cricket and in Life, Laurence!" cries Colonel Everard. The servants' hall is given up to soliloquy, the dimmest Assam tea-planter is a god to his people:

> There he is among them for a great part of the day, patient, tolerant, kind, amused, delighted at the smallest virtue he can discover, ruling them absolutely, yet so gently that they never find it out.

This tale of Laurence the adopted son, and little Arthur, the heir of the manor, stems from the purest Victorian folk pattern. And it is none the worse for that.

JOHN RAYMOND

Brave New Worlds

Utopian Fantasy. By RICHARD GERBER. *Routledge.* 16*s.*

Dr. Gerber, a Swiss scholar who is Lecturer in English in the University of Zurich, has written a book of very considerable interest which is perhaps not so much an exercise in literary criticism as a study of some of the most potent myths of our time. His subject is English Utopian fiction since the beginning of the century. For Dr. Gerber it falls into two kinds, that inspired by the new perspective of man's place in time given by evolutionary theory, and that prompted, in the first place at any rate, by the hopes and fears of socialism. Both he submits to a close analysis, with a wealth of illustration—his bibliography of Utopian fiction since 1900 lists almost three hundred novels. In evolutionary fiction the dominant figure is Wells, not merely because he is so much the greatest writer but also because of the ambivalence of his attitude towards the future, whether immediate or remote. Dr. Gerber writes:

> But while gaining a new independent significance and importance in the optimistic evolutionary view, man was at the same time reduced to a new insignificance by the awareness of the immense stretches of time in front of him and the vast spaces around him. This new extension of the Utopian view led to ecstatic visions on the one hand and the deepest anxiety on the other.

Wells had his ecstatic visions, recorded in *A Modern Utopia* and *Men Like Gods*; but anxiety was also his from the first, as we see from *The Time Machine* and *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, and it deepened as he approached his death: in *Mind at the End of Its Tether* anxiety has changed into despair.

Dr. Gerber is excellent at relating these literary manifestations of ecstasy and anxiety in the face of the future to the beliefs of the popular mind. As time and space expand, so man conceives himself the more dangerously threatened. Thus a whole nation panicked on October 30, 1938, when Mr. Orson Welles broadcast his radio adaptation of *The War of the Worlds.* As Dr. Gerber comments:

> That incident not only showed that a great number of people thought an invasion from Mars quite credible, that the Utopian interplanetary mythology is eminently alive; but it also made people realise the value of human life. Suddenly every aspect of human civilisation appeared attractive, and it seemed sad, even tragic, that all this was going to be destroyed.

Utopianism, Dr. Gerber shows, is a substitute for religion and can exist only when religion proper has broken down. The evolutionary Utopias are witnesses first to the exhilaration, and then to the terror, of man on his own. The emphasis in the social Utopias is not on the individual but on the State, the organisation of the community. Their progress over the half-century, however, has followed a similar pattern. We begin with the belief, expressed in such an early social Utopia as Bellamy's *Looking Backwards*, that "if everybody is materially satisfied, everybody will be happy and behave like a Christian." We end with *Brave New World* and *1984*. In these the picture of a possible future, drawn from tendencies already existing in the present, has become an awful warning.

Dr. Gerber concludes his study with an account of the literary techniques of Utopian fiction. This is the least satisfactory part of his stimulating book. The problem is always to render the vision of the future plausible, to transform the fantasy into a novel in the full sense of the word. Perhaps it is impossible. Dr. Gerber seems to suggest it is achieved in *Brave New World* and *1984*. Yet is it as novels that anyone has ever read these books? And if read as novels, are they not immediately assailable?

WALTER ALLEN

Gramophone Notes

THE last Symphony of Prokofiev (No. 7) and the latest of Shostakovich (No. 10) provide an interesting, and in one way saddening, contrast. Prokofiev was always a moody composer, but it could hardly be said that his last, Russian, period produced nothing of value: the Sixth Symphony, for instance, is as well furnished as anything he wrote. But, to judge by the Seventh, the nagging, governessy ways of the Soviet critics ended by getting him down; in any case, it is a dismaying work for so gifted a man to have written, for it suggests extreme cynicism. The first movement begins impressively, but the second subject, though at first hearing attractive, is really only *ersatz* Rachmaninoff; and thereafter the symphony deteriorates, through a garish voluntary (III), into the most shameless piffle I have heard in years. Two excellent recordings of this lamentable piece have appeared simultaneously: the Philadelphia/Ormandy version (**Ph.) is cheaper and more lustrous in tone, while the Philharmonia/Malko issue (**H.M.V.) is hardly less brilliant and has the advantage of including Prokofiev's First ("Classical") Symphony as well, conducted with sober tempi, *à-la*-Ansermet. Shostakovich No. 10 is a very different affair. Grave and thoughtful, it bears some affinity to the lovely Piano Quintet, but is more consistently tragic in feeling—a De Profundis that, in its relatively simple intensity of expression, gives us more of the essence of this composer's genius than anything since the Fifth Symphony. The performance (New York Phil Sym/Mitropoulos) is a splendid one, most faithfully recorded (**Ph.).

There are now eight LP versions of Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto on the market in England, and so far I have recommended the Fischer as the best, although the handling of the Rondo is rather feeble. The latest issue, by Wilhelm Kempff with Berlin Phil/Van Kempen (**DG.), strikes me as by and large the best of all. Kempff is a great pianist, though often capable of maddening perversities; but on this occasion he concentrates on giving us both the essence and the grand lines of Beethoven's thought. The result is traditional in the best sense, with heroism in I, the most refined poetry in II, and a Rondo that never flags in its pursuit of joy. The pianist sounds distant in the first paragraph of II, but an increase in tone soon afterwards shows that he has merely been playing very delicately. Wolfgang Schneiderhan combines with the same orchestra and conductor to produce the kind of performance in Beethoven's Violin Concerto that should wear particularly well (**DG.). Hitherto I have backed Frances-

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catti in this work, but the charge of superficial brilliance in some passages was not easy to rebut. The concerto has much in common with the "Emperor" (it belongs to the same period), and Schneiderhan's handling of the solo has an imperturbable excellence similar to Kempff's. The Violin Concerto is a more intimate music than the "Emperor," and Schneiderhan's withdrawn style suits it to admiration. Unlike some of my colleagues, I found Oistrakh's account of this concerto competent but uninspired; in the Brahms Violin Concerto, on the other hand, he shows himself the master of a classical perfection of phrasing, combined with a wonderful attack and a real feeling for the lyrical quality of the work. Indeed, he plays the solo much more warmly here (with the Dresden State Orchestra under Konwitschny: **DG.) than he did in the rather poor Monarch issue.

One of Mozart's most perfect instrumental works, the Piano Concerto in C, K467, receives, at the capable and sensitive hands of Moura Lympany, the best recorded performance since the pre-war Schnabel set. The modulating passage-work in which the outlying movements abound is beautifully phrased, and the Andante is given its full measure of haunting sadness. Miss Lympany couples the work with the twelfth concerto in A, K414, which has become very popular of late years; in both pieces the accompaniment (Philharmonia/Menges. *H.M.V.) is carefully done, but the recording, though adequate, is not quite up to the standard of the performance. The same, I think, is true of Kubelik's issue, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (*H.M.V.), of Mozart's "Prague" Symphony and the little C major, K338, of which Sir Thomas Beecham has so far been the unrivalled exponent. But this coupling is well worth having, for the conductor's disciplined exuberance is particularly well suited to these sparkling pieces. Better recorded and no less stylishly played are Karl Münchinger's two latest issues, Haydn's "Clock" Symphony and "Letter V," with the Vienna Sym Orch (**D.), and Bach's *Musical Offering*, in the conductor's own version and with the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra (**D.). The latter is more satisfactory in every way than the recent Nixa disc, in which the work is played in the Vuataz version. The Virtuosi di Roma are among the best ensembles of the kind now before the public, and their latest offering, Vivaldi's *Concerti delle Stagioni* (from Op 8), provides a wholly delightful experience (**H.M.V.). These early examples of descriptive pastoral music are among the most imaginative pieces of their period. Readers' attention is drawn to the fact that the admirable Boyd Neel versions of Handel's Concerti grossi, Op 6, have now been issued, more conveniently, on three 12-inch LP discs (**D.).

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London, W.C.1

The complete set of Beethoven's String Quartets, by the Hungarian Quartet (H.M.V.), has now reached the last of the Rasoumovskys, and, while one would not wish to prejudge the remainder of the issue, it seems unlikely, on the evidence before us, that the players have any very pleasant surprises up their sleeve. Their accounts of the music are technically competent to a high degree, bright in colour and faithfully recorded; but their approach recalls a mechanised division going into action, rather than the sensitive musician's attitude, which is that of a friend or a lover. The tempi are nearly always too fast—sometimes, as in the Finale of Op 59, No. 3, grotesquely so; and any movement requiring a placid or meditative handling becomes difficult to recognise in so glossy and superficial a rendering. As interim versions the quartets of Op 18 may pass muster, and they do not suffer from the technical deficiencies of the Pascal set (N.); but readers who can bear to do so, are advised to await the more satisfactory versions which are likely to turn up before long—though from what direction I cannot at present foretell.

Brahms showed the esteem in which he held his early Piano Trio in B major, Op. 8, by revising it later in life; and in its final form (the material was not altered) it displays most of the composer's best qualities—in particular the warm and abundant melody, and the gift for moulding the themes to suit the genius of the instruments. Of the three recent issues that by Badura-Skoda, Fournier and Janigro (**N.) seems to me to treat the music in the manner best suited to it, and the recording is most agreeable. Another early Piano Trio by Brahms, discovered and published in 1924, though distinctly less well written than Op 8, is well worth the attention of Brahms lovers, for it contains characteristically appealing music; the performance (Hubner/Harand/Holetschek) is not very distinguished and the recording (N.) rather woolly, but many readers will be glad of an opportunity to possess this rarely heard work. Those who desire a thorough conspectus of the composer's piano pieces are likely to be well pleased by Gieseking's collection of the whole of Opp 76, 118 and 119, together with the two Rhapsodies, Op 79, on one disc (**C.). Apart from the last two works, which I still find too heavily played, Gieseking seems to me to have greatly improved on his SP versions of Brahms. Strength and sensibility are here admirably united.

Though assuredly a great work, the B minor Sonata of Liszt is in danger of becoming a reviewer's bore, for it lends itself to a great variety of interpretations and not one of those in the current catalogue is entirely satisfying. I have hitherto recommended that of Edith Farnadi (*N.) as on the whole the best, but I am not sure that this has not now been surpassed by the more recent version of Geza Anda (*C.), who includes also the lovely Concert Study in D flat, *La Campanella*, and the First Mephisto Waltz. The chilliness which sometimes mars this accomplished artist's playing is absent from his account of the sonata, which is fiery, clear in its handling of those pages in which the development of the material is enveloped in ornamental passage-work, and firmly controlled by a strong sense of the grand design of the whole. Anda has usually been luckier in his recordings than Albert Ferber, a pianist of more modest though quite definite attainments, so that it gives me especial pleasure to be able to recommend wholeheartedly his coupling of Beethoven's slight but delicious Variations on Salieri's "La Stessa" with the more elaborate Variations in F major, Op 34 (**D-T.). In a recital containing both books of Debussy's *Images* the same pianist cannot compete, in subtle pianism and musical insight, with the Gieseking version (**C.).

Fischer-Dieskau's selection of songs from Hugo Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch* could scarcely be better (**DG.)—is indeed among the most continuously enjoyable recitals I have heard in recent years. The singer has really got to the heart of these wonderful songs, which he delivers with extraordinary tenderness, an astonishing variety of tone and inflexion, and, when the occasion demands it, a splendid outburst of strong singing from which the operatic violence that once marred his Lieder style is wholly absent. In Schumann's *Liederkreis* (*H.M.V.) he is less completely successful. This is partly due to the fact that the songs are nearly all very sad and, if sung on end, inevitably produce a debilitating effect; but Fischer-Dieskau's evident determination to show how delicately he can handle a vocal line here defeats its own end. Nevertheless, there is much to enjoy in the disc—especially if the listener can be bothered to single out one or two songs at a time. Two more vocal discs, very different in kind should not be overlooked: Magda Laszlo's coupling of Bartok's Songs, Op 16, and a group of his settings of Hungarian Folk Songs (**N.). The former, to poems by Ady, are particularly interesting, in Bartok's early, impressionist manner; they are sung with great authority and are most faithfully recorded. The second disc unites Couperin's *Trois Leçons de Ténèbres*, sung with exquisite understanding, by Hugues Cuénod (**N.). This is baroque religious music of the most refined order and can be enjoyed—as plainchant, for instance cannot—purely as music.

Anyone who loves a *tour de force* is bound to revel in Esmé Percy's Reminiscences of Sarah Bernhardt (A.), which gives by far the most vivid account of the great actress that I can recall. Mr. Percy's enthusiasm is as delightful as his humour, and, if some may regret that the disc contains no actual quotations from Bernhardt's own recordings, they will, I think, be compelled to admit that Mr. Percy's imitations of her voice and style are brilliant enough to be deceiving.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

New Editions and Reprints

The latest Everyman volumes are Carlyle's *French Revolution* in two volumes (Dent, 6s each) and Mazzini's *Duties of Man* (7s.). New Penguin Books include Peter Quennell's *Byron in Italy* (2s. 6d.), Henry Yellowlees' *To Define True Madness*, Edward Atiyah's *The Arabs* and Seton Lloyd's *Foundations in the Dust* (Pelicans, 2s, 6d. each). *John Dryden*, a selection by Douglas Grant, has been added to the Penguin Poets (3s. 6d.), and to the Penguin Classics, Ovid's *Metamorphoses* in a new translation by Mary M. Innes (3s. 6d.).

New editions have appeared of Sacheverell Sitwell's *Liszt* (Cassell, 30s.); *The American Nation* by John Gloag in collaboration with Julian Gloag (enlarged and revised, Cassell, 21s.); W. Sampson Handley's *The Genesis and Prevention of Cancer*, revised (Murray, 21s.); P.E.P.'s five studies of *British Trade Unionism* (P.E.P., 16s.); Edward Cressy's *Discoveries and Inventions of the Twentieth Century* brought up to date by J. G. Crowther (Routledge, 30s.); R. MacGregor Dawson's *Government of Canada* (Oxford: for Toronto University Press, 58s.); Maurice Cornforth's *Science versus Idealism* (Lawrence and Wishart, 27s. 6d.) which contains his *Science versus Idealism* (1946) and *In Defence of Philosophy* (1950); Edwin Way Teale's *North with the Spring* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 18s.); Frank Lane's *Nature Parade* (Jarrolds, 18s.).

Week-end Competition

No. 1,327

Set by Brian Hill

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to translate this lyric of Victor Hugo's. Entries by August 9.

La tombe dit à la rose:
" Des pleurs dont l'aube t'arrose
Que fais-tu, fleur des amours? "
La rose dit à la tombe:
" Que fais-tu de ce qui tombe
Dans ton gouffre ouvert toujours? "

La rose dit: " Tombeau sombre,
De ces pleurs je fais dans l'ombre
Un parfum d'ambre et de miel."
La tombe dit: " Fleur plaintive,
De chaque âme qui m'arrive
Je fais un ange du ciel."

Result of No. 1,324

Set by G. Ramsay

Competitors are invited to compose a music-hall lyric (limit 20 lines) suggested by the present difficulties of the bank in Monte Carlo. Reminiscence of an earlier hit is encouraged, but no libel will be tolerated.

Report

It was a competition intended to plumb our readers' holiday spirits and ability to troll a jolly stave rather than their economic, sociological or even gaming expertise. And indeed the few who even glanced at the predicament of the Société Monégasque de Banque de Métaux Précieux (with desperate courage L. G. Udall worked the name into a chorus!) or its intricate interlocking with Télé-Monte-Carlo, produced lyrics far less easy on the ear than the carefree echoes of competitors who know their way about the MacQueen Pope country. Though *The Man Who Broke the Bank* was, naturally, uppermost in the setter's mind, other old-timers proved fully as rewarding, and the prizes go to four lyrics fathered on four different originals. First prize of two-and-a-half guineas to Glyn Lonsdale (the odd half for his last line but one); a guinea each to John Thornton, A. D. Bennett Jones and Ethel Talbot Scheffauer. Runner-up: W. E. Sheppard, for his last verse.

Had to sack the chauffeur, fire the gardener, then dismiss the cook,
Sleep out in the park, read from borrowed library books;
Now he's carrying bags for tourists, from the girls he gets black looks,
Blame the Bank that broke the man at Monte Carlo!

Commended: H. A. C. Evans and Guy Kendall.

MADEMOISELLE FROM MONTE CARLO

Old Lady wanted a billion francs, Rouge ou Noir,
Old Lady wanted a billion francs, Rouge ou Noir,
Old Lady wanted a billion francs,
Still knows the right way to show her thanks. (*Stage direction: Wink.*)
Vingt et Un et Rouge ou Noir.

Aristotle, a barefoot Grecian boy, Rouge ou Noir,
Aristotle, a barefoot Grecian boy, Rouge ou Noir,
Aristotle, a barefoot Grecian boy,
Said he'd sell all his fleet and give with joy,
Vingt et Un et Rouge ou Noir,

I've just lost a fortune in far Peru, Rouge ou Noir,
I've just lost a fortune in far Peru, Rouge ou Noir,
I've just lost a fortune in far Peru,
But the brokers have paid and there's plenty for you."
Vingt et Un et Rouge ou Noir.

With nose in the air she stared him through, Rouge ou Noir,
With nose in the air she stared him through, Rouge ou Noir,
With nose in the air she stared him through,
" I'll mix with the Dockers but not with the crew."
Vingt et Un et Rouge ou Noir.

GLYN LONSDALE

Once—there—was a clever little tout,
Made—a—fortune on the in-and-out,
Bust—the—table up without a doubt—
So they had to borrow from the Bank.

What cheer, when the feller's paid—
Just a lucky stunt, boys—
Swaggers on the Front, boys;
We knew how the money's made—
Borrowed from the dear old Bank—ta-ra-ra,
What cheer . . . etc.

Now—it's—turned around the other way,
If—you—beat the in-and-out to-day
They—can't—wangle any more to pay,
'Cos the Bank's another sort of broke.

Bad show, all the neighbours cry:
Where d'you put the tin, boys,
When they pay it in, boys?—
We all know the reason why
Monte Carlo's all gone broke—ta-ra-ra,
Bad show . . . etc.

JOHN THORNTON

(*The following is offered as a suggestion for Mr. Durante's repertoire when next he visits the Palladium*)

First I staked a cheval, then a cheval with a transversale-pleine, then a carré, then a transversale simple, then another carré, then a colonne and a douzaine, then another cheval, and I found it, I found it, I found the perfect system—

So let's turn the wheel for my New Deal,
I'm the guy that's invented a system;
Let's clear the Bank of every franc,
Before they discover they've missed 'em.

But as I was staking my bets, I saw the caissier whisper to the directeur, then the directeur to the ministre, then the ministre to the Président des Finances, then the Président to the Prince, and they closed it, they closed it, they closed the—Monassisco Bank—

So let's turn the heel on my New Deal,
I'm the guy that's invented a system;
The Bank would break at my first stake,
So it's closed before I could twist 'em.

But before they had finished sacking and extraditing each other, I put deux and deux together, then took away the number I first thought of, then counted up my spare centimes, and I found it, I found it, I found the perfect answer—

So let's turn the wheel for my New Deal,
I'm the guy that's invented a system;
My Monte plans I'll try in Cannes,
The Frenchies won't dare to resist 'em.

A. D. BENNETT JONES

You can see them wander down the front with a melancholy air
You can hear them curse and swear
You can hear them all declare—
There's never a gilded potentate
Or a gay absconding head of state—
They've all too much upon their plate
To try and break the bank at Monte Carlo.

Oh, woe is me, says the wan croupier
To the Lady with the empty ear
(Her diamonds went to pay the beer
That was drunk at Monte Carlo).
Oh where are the sparks and the missing heirs
The big red bulls and the furry bears,
Oh, where are the multi-millionaires
That came to Monte Carlo?
We cannot live on the ladies gay
On the bright young bloods with a month's back pay
Or the blinking tourists who come for the day
By coach to Monte Carlo.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Just published

The International Economy

WALTER KRAUSE

THIS BOOK is designed to provide a one-term course in International Economics for the student who has a grasp of the basic principles of economics. In it the student is brought face to face with *current problems and policies*, and the author's aim throughout has been to provide an understanding and an appreciation of international economic problems as they exist in practice.

Dr. Krause is Economist for the Council for Technological Advancement, Chicago.

446 *pp.* 30*s.*

Constable

LASCAUX AND CARNAC

GLYN DANIEL

In this book Dr. Daniel writes about the painted and engraved caves of the Dordogne and the megalithic monuments around Carnac in Brittany. It is not a severe archæological treatise but, as he himself describes it, " a light guide to some aspects of the gastro-archæology of France."

Illustrated *15s net*

LUTTERWORTH

SECRETARIES!

Summer activities need leaflets, circulars, programmes, tickets, etc., all of which can be printed by a £5 5s. 0d. "EMPHAS" Complete Duplicating Outfit. Illustrated details and sample prints from makers—
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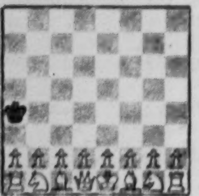
The Chess Board

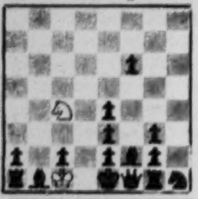
No. 304 Stripped for Action

On a hot summer day to strip for brisk action on some sunny beach may well be commendable theory, but not all chess players incline to avoidable physical exertion; yet, every one of us will require a mere glimpse at **A** to see that Black must have stripped (or been stripped) for considerable action. White's development, of course, would seem to be somewhat neglected, but he hasn't been lazy either. Indeed, he had to be no less active than Black so as to help bring about this position after White's 16th move. How was it done? I feel almost niggardly in offering 5 ladder-points for this, but then the same emolument for **B** is really more than generous. Here it is White who has been stripping for some mighty action. Nothing daunted by the opponent's material superiority, he is to mate him in 6 moves. Obviously, some horseplay is required, but the whole thing is really child's play. For **C** I can dispense with a diagram. Competitors merely have to put up the basic position and to bother their heads about finding a sui-mate in 8. It seems a tall order, but it is somewhat facilitated by the additional condition that, up to the 7th move, Black is to act in a manner which would evoke from every healthy child the sneering scream "Copy Cat." It is only on his 8th move that the rules of the game force Black to deviate from his strictly imitative tactics, and hey presto, White is mated. This may be no bargain at 7, but then the same useful sum of ladder-points can be earned for **D**, a sui-mate in 13 moves and not, perhaps, quite as difficult as it looks.

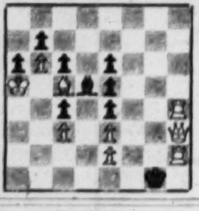
A: K. Fabel 1941



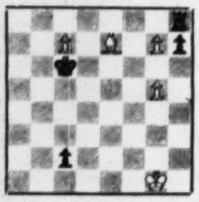
B: O. Nerong 1937



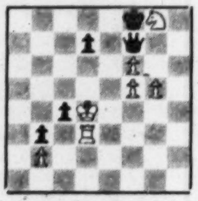
D: Josef Krejcik 1955



E: G. Zachodjakin 1937



F: M. G. Kliatskine 1924



After so much midsummer madness the more earnestly minded competitors are fully entitled to some honest studies, and I might as well use the two which G. S. Fisher was good enough to send me; he calls them the favourites of his own collection, and I cannot but commend his excellent taste. I knew one of them and vaguely remember having used it many years ago; but I am quite sure Fisher will be justified in the hope of his fellow-competitors sharing his own delight in these brilliant pieces. They are both wins for White and not at all easy; but I mustn't give any helpful hints if I am to rate them as highly as 8 each, thereby reaching the grand total of 40 ladder-points to be garnered this week-end.

Usual prizes. Entries by August 8.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 301. Set July 9

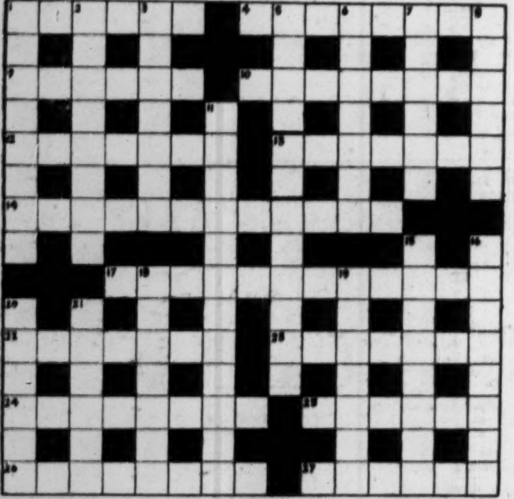
A: (1) B x P ch, K-K2, (2) B-Kt5 ch, K-Q3, (3) Kt-Kt5 ch, K x Kt, (4) P-B4 ch, K-B4, (5) Kt-Q4 ch, K-Kt5, (6) P-R3 ch, K-Kt6, (7) Kt-K2 ch, K x P, (8) B-Q5 ch, Kt-K5, (9) B x Kt mate.
B: (1) B-B4!, P x B, (2) P-K7, P queens, (3) P-K8(Kt!) etc.
C: (1) P-B7, B-R6, (2) P-R6, R-R4, (3) B-B5!, B x B, (4) P-R7 etc. If (2) . . . R-R3, (3) B-Kt3 ch, K any (4) B-Q6! etc.

An easy lot and dozens of flawless entries making my choice more difficult than usual. I have added a few shillings to the prize-fund, so as to make it more easily divisible for seven shares: C. Bridle, C. H. Brown, F. Jaeck, J. Mitchell, C. J. Morse, M. Rumney, C. Sansom. While I am abroad, entries, so as to be forwarded in time, should reach the office not later than Monday afternoon.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 163

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 163, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Aug. 9.



ACROSS

1. A bird noise in manuscript for parrots (6).
4. Pious humbug from a saint and his followers (8).
9. Hidden talent perhaps (6).
10. "A hand that kings Have lipp'd and —— kissing" (*Antony and Cleopatra*) (8).
12. The Kellynch family (7).
13. Figure for the retreating company to follow (7).
14. Servants accommodate cricketers (12).
17. One who adorns a likeness as a bus? (12).
22. French possession in which one can get somewhere to live in a few hours (7).
23. The learner is wrecked in a tree (7).
24. At fifty a fantastic trick of the titan (8).
25. Primitive animal with a ring in a distorted beam (6).
26. Fish which may appear in a dress (8).
27. A Greek river puts a propitiatory gift in front of us (6).

DOWN

1. The magic of the London street sound (8).
2. Lesbian poet? (8).
3. Attractive, but gains no success over me (7).
5. Symbol of abundance has the ingredients to make north fly open (4, 2, 6).
6. Without me the goddess would be put off (7).
7. Assert there is a member in the drink (6).
8. For the seat of an oracle put up an advertisement with nothing to wear in it (6).
11. Means of mass-producing Uno policy? (12).
15. Superficial and lacking the variety to percolate (8).
16. Magazines started by a team (8).
18. Sort no mails for the Turk (7).
19. The old scholar has ages to count up (7).
20. Ladies always have these good intentions (6).
21. Anger sounds like something to wear (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 161

■	P	A	T	H	E	T	I	C	■	G	A	T	E	■
O	■	L	■	E	■	I	■	A	■	O	■	R	■	C
B	R	A	M	B	L	E	■	T	A	B	L	E	A	U
O	■	D	■	R	■	R	■	H	■	L	■	M	■	B
L	A	D	D	I	E	■	P	E	N	E	L	O	P	E
■	■	I	■	D	■	H	■	D	■	T	■	L	■	R
M	O	N	T	E	N	E	G	R	O	■	P	O	L	O
O	■	■	■	S	■	X	■	A	■	M	■	■	■	O
R	U	F	F	■	P	A	R	L	I	A	M	E	N	T
A	■	I	■	B	■	M	■	S	■	S	■	M	■	■
S	E	C	L	U	D	E	D	■	A	S	T	U	T	E
S	■	T	■	T	■	T	■	A	■	E	■	L	■	R
E	P	I	S	T	L	E	■	R	A	N	S	A	C	K
S	■	L	■	E	■	R	■	N	■	E	■	T	■	S
■	R	E	A	R	■	S	H	E	A	T	H	E	D	■

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 161

Chaplain Hillel A. Fine (Stuttgart), Miss M. K. Brookes (Birmingham), F. H. Cleaver (Swansea).

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, has three things that are important in an hotel, good food, comfort and congenial company. Sharpthorne 17.

BEAUTIFUL countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex. (Eastbourne Line.) Horam Rd. 32.

CORNWALL: In lovely, unspoilt country by Fowey River, 3 miles sea, modern comfort, notable food in Georgian manor house in own big grounds among green fields, enchanting woods. Fishing. Boating. Send for Brochure S. Penquite House Hotel, Golant, nr. Par. Tel. Fowey 124.

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WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.s. Raffeen Cottage, Fowey, Cornwall. 6/6½gns. Breakfast, evening dinner. Mrs. Dorman.

BEXHILL.—Country hse. nr. sea, children welcome, terms mod. "The Thorne," Ninfield Road, Bexhill-on-Sea. (Ninfield 212.)

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BEACONSFIELD. Old Jordans Hostel. Quaker Guest House. In beautiful quiet Buckinghamshire countryside. Why spend money and time on long railway journeys?

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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NEAR Oxford. Croft House, Burcot, has a few vacancies for August and September. Thames-side gardens; hard tennis court; billiards. Club licence. A.A., R.A.C.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide" is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

MISCELLANEOUS

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals: capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith and practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

CONTACT Lenses. The London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Booklet sent.

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GENTLEMEN. Don't Buy. Have your shirts repaired as new. Moderate charges. New double cuffs 5s. 9d. New Collar 6s. 6d. Work of highest standard. Post Shirt(s) for free Estimate or send for full Price List to Joanna, Dept. 32, 26 Southbourne Grove, W., Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

DIRECTOR of the City Art Gallery, Auckland, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the above position. This vacancy occurs as the result of the appointment of the present Director to the position of Director, National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne. The salary payable to the successful applicant will be £NZ1,300 (gross) per annum. A Circular of information and the Conditions of Appointment are available for perusal at the office of this paper or may be obtained upon application to New Zealand House, 415 Strand, London, or to the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Auckland, New Zealand. Applications close at the office of the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Auckland, New Zealand, at 4.30 p.m. on Friday, September 30, 1955. Applicants resident in the United Kingdom or other European countries are required to forward duplicate copies of their appln. to New Zealand House, 415 Strand, London, England.

THE University of Leeds. Brotherton Library. Applications are invited for the post of Sub-Librarian in charge of the Brotherton Collection at a salary on a scale £700 × £50—£1,100 a year, according to qualifications and experience. Candidates must possess a good Honours degree and should preferably have had experience in the field of rare books and manuscripts. Professional diplomas would be additional qualifications. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than August 29, 1955.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History with special interests and qualifications in Medieval History. Salary scale £550 to £650 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than August 8, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

MOLUSI College, Nigeria. Graduate in Chemistry, Botany, Zoology or combinations of these required October or earlier to teach Higher School Certificate classes in Boarding School for 300 boys. Interesting and challenging opportunity for young man. Free accommodation and passage for self, and wife if married. Details of salary from Principal, Molusi College, P.O. Box 6, Ijebu Igbo, Nigeria.

RESPONSIBLE woman (under 40) of initiative and imagination needed in September for resident social work in crowded part of London: family work, clubs for women and old people, help with training of students. Please apply in writing for further information from Secretary, U.G.S. Settlement, Staffordshire Street, S.E.15.

QUALIFIED Master all subjects, games, senior boys' prep. Also Qualified Art/K.G. teacher. Both for Sept. Resident posts. S. England. Box 8804.

B.A. or B.Sc. tutor Comm. Entr. Maths. Girls' estabt. morngs. Sept. Box 8439.

CORRESPONDENCE School reqs. capable instructor in English (either sex), to work full-time or substantial part-time. Write fully (in confidence) giving details of age, experience and qualifications to Box 8662.

REQUIRED: A Temporary General Assistant to the Warden & Caterer at the Devonshire Street Club (National Assoc. of Mixed Clubs & Girls' Clubs). Pref. 20-30. Interest in yng. people essent. Salary £200 p.a. Apply Sec., 29 Devonshire St., W.1

ADMINISTRATIVE assistant, office exper. and pref. knowl. sh./typing, immediately. Starting salary £450. Family Planning Assocn., 64 Sloane St., S.W.1.

PROGRESSIVE School requires Master to teach general subjects to small mixed class of 11-12 year-olds. Apply to the Headmaster, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. HAM. 2019.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of full-time Welfare Officer, f. Communications, stating full partics., exper., etc., should be addressed to the Assistant Secretary, Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

STUDENT Christian Movement in Schools, Annandale, North End Rd., London, N.W.11, req. shorthand/typist for mid/Sept. Write Gen. Secretary, giving full particulars.

VOLUNTARY Society, Central London, seeks assistant/shorthand-typist, record department. Interesting human work, pleasant conditions. Preferably age 20-25. Salary by arrangement. Box 8680.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, wanted for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £26 10*s*. a month, less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer (Sound) in Birmingham with responsibility for formulating ideas for talks series and individual talks, production and selection and rehearsal of speakers. Good education, cultured background, broad general interests, and tact are essential. Some knowledge or experience of local and industrial affairs, especially in Midlands, an advantage. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1094 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Nuffield Research Unit. Applications are invited from graduates and others with suitable qualifications and/or experience, interested in social research, for temporary appointment as interviewers for a period of approximately three months from September 1. The work will be undertaken in the following areas: London and Middlesex, Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, West Riding of Yorkshire, Manchester, Sussex, Devon and Cornwall. Applicants must be prepared to travel locally; possession of a car would be an advantage. Payment will be made at the rate of £600 per annum and allowances for travel and subsistence. Applications, including particulars of age, sex, qualifications and experience should reach the Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1, not later than ten days from the appearance of this advertisement.

WOMEN with some experience in the teaching profession are required by the John Lewis Partnership for posts in their staff training department, in both London and the Provinces. Pay during training £550 a year, on appointment £600 a year. This can rise to £750 to £800 a year in posts of special responsibility. Women between the ages of 24 and 40 who are interested in this type of work should write giving full particulars to Director of Personnel, John Lewis & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, W.1. Interviews to take place in the last two weeks of August, and those invited for interview will be notified by August 10.

A LIVELY, energetic, versatile young man required as personal assistant to the chief executive of a small, new, progressive import/export company specialising in engineering products. A chap straight from engineering school might do if (a) he's done his national service, and (b) he's by nature a front-room rather than a back-room boy. Better money in two years' time than now, but not bad now. Box 8801.

BOOKSELLING Assistant (female) for Post Dept. Typing essential. Knowledge books and publishers an advantage. Previous book trade experience not essential. Responsible work with prospects. Apply Staff Manager, Alfred Wilson, Ltd., 7 Ship Tavern Passage, E.C.3.

APPLICATIONS invited, male or female, for important position in Trade Union H.Q. Must be good Sh/T., with interest in Research and Statistical work, capable of working on own initiative. Some knowledge of Committee procedure preferred. 5-day week, pension scheme, minimum commencing salary £9 per week on progressive scale. Apply A.G.S., N.U.B.E., 28 Old Queen Street, S.W.1.

EDUCATED women with good shorthand and typing for several interesting posts, some with short hours (10-5, no Saturdays). To £500. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria, and 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus. Tel. VIC. 5084 and LON. 5397.

YOUNG lady for junior position as general clerk required by cosmetic manufacturers. Congenial working conditions and good prospects. Hours 9-5.30, no Saturdays. 'Phone MAI. 9150 for an appointment.

ARCHITECTS require intelligent, well-educated young secretary/shorthand-typist for varied and interesting job. West End office. Please ring WEL. 1409.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

EXPD. bi-ling. Engl.-German secretary with initiative required by exporters. Only applicants used to methodical, independent work & typing considered. Box 8692.

TEMPORARY secretaries, shorthand/typists, copy/typists offered regular employment with short hours and good salaries. Also varied and well-paid perm. posts at Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. WEL. 4559.

PART-time typing and other office vacancies exist at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, London, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

ADVERTISING Novelty Mfrs. require fully experienced, responsible secretary to take charge of a small office. Correspondence, S/T., figures, etc. Closed Jewish holidays. Camden Town area. Box 8810.

ADVERTISING Novelty & Math. Drawing Instrument mfrs. require agents to carry additional lines in all areas. Box 8811.

TEMPORARY employment during vacations in Lyons Teashops is offered. Young men or women are invited to apply to Staff Engagement Office, 2B Granville Place, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

REQUIRED, Organizer (man or woman) for small branch Settlement and Citizen's Advice Bureau on Housing Estate. Particulars from Warden, University Settlement, Barton Hill, Bristol, 5.

FEMALE Clerk for stock records. Gd. handwriting; pref. married. Exp. desirable. W./End firm. 5 day wk. &c. Box 8778.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GEN. Director's Secretary, graduate, 25, French Nat., Fr. & Engl. sh./typ., some teach. exp., seeks progr. post. Work in cult. & educ. field considered. Interviews arr. Aug. 1-9. Box 8241.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. Serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s*. daily.

2 LARGE bright rooms furnished, all facilities. Pleasant quiet house, agreeable neighbourhood, suit 1 student or business person. Reasonable rent. 'Phone FIN. 0358.

SUMMER in London. Quiet, sunny Old-St. Pancras scholar's room, view on park (£2 5*s*. weekly or near). Or alternatively library-frontroom, not spacious (£1 weekly). Each very simply furnished, bath-kitchen, 'phone. Friendly cat to feed and look after. To trustworthy person August and September till return Oct. 4th. 8 Regent Sq., W.C.1. Ring TER. 5195, 7.30-9.30 a.m.

HOSTEL accom. for men students available at New College, London (University of London). Preference for Congregationalists & Free Churchmen. For information write: Sec., 527 Finchley Rd., Hampstead, N.W.3.

SINGLE furn. divan-room Putney. Comf. Good size. Very light. Constant H.W., ckg. fac. 37*s*. 6*d*. p.w. inc. Box 8590.

LOVELY room, use of flat (no lift) to let to young lady. Mother and daughter. Gloucester Road area. 3*gns*. Box 8892.

BACHELOR offers to another, large bed-sitting room, use kitchen (Kosher), tel., etc. Min. £3 3*s*. Modern block, St. John's Wood. Impeccable refs. to Box 8812.

TO let. Pleasant room, w. basin. Nr. bus. Crouch Hill. FIT. 0773.

PLEASANT room & kit. Gas ckr., sink, etc. Nr. bus. Crouch Hill. FIT. 0773.

NEWLY built house, charming furn. flatlet. Built-in wardrobes, c.h.w. Basin in fitted cupboard. Ckg. facils. Full serv. Linen. Overlkg. gdns. Lady. 3*gns*. BAY. 4617.

ADJ. Queens Woods: Lge. furn. dble. B/S., kit'ette. £3 10*s*. TUD. 0516.

MODERN single furn. room newly dec., ckg. facil.; 'phone, etc.; W.1. Man only. WEL. 3921, 9.30-5.30, weekdays.

LOVELY single divan-room. Balcony overlooking garden. Washbas., ckg. fac. H. & C. Use tel., bath. Good-class accom. nr. Hampstead Heath & buses. HAM. 7428.

S.W.13. Beautiful centrally-heated bed/sit. rm., wash-basin, cont. ckg., good distr., easy access town. Any nat. wel. PRO. 6809.

SINGLE div.-rm. & kit'ette (sh. bth. 1 f.), S.W.4, nr. tube. £10 mthly. Box 8840.

TO let, single and double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Reasonable. MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

DIVAN bed-sit. rm., linen, elec. fire & cooker. Own meter. 2*gns*. SPE. 3955.

HAMPSTEAD. Sgle./dbl. rms., use kit. Perm. or temporary. HAM. 4585 evgs.

MIDDLE-aged business woman wishes hear from one/two others, view sharing her home, Thames Valley suburb. Box 8859.

ACCOM. avail. for gentlewoman in lovely Kenilworth. 5*gns*. incl. Box 8656.

COMFORTABLE cottage in Bucks village to let Aug. 6-20. Elsan, no bathroom. Sleep three. £4 weekly. Box 8875.

WANTED. Unconventional but responsible girl to seek/share £4-£6 flat with another, 25, potter. Box 8807.

SINGLE business lady reqs. unfurn./part-furn. accomm. London, quiet position. Small premium/decorations cons. Box 8664.

£50 for information securing a suitable studio in Kens., Ktsbridge, M'fair, Ch'sea. Under £5 p.w. rent. Box 8676.

QUIET lady reqs. semi/pref. unfurn. flat/rms., London area. Mod. Box 8863.

WEST Indian student (female) requires bed-sit. with kitchenette for 1 year, easy reach London University. MOU. 6670.

B.B.C. producer (Oxonian, young) seeks small flat. Box 8718.

WANTED by girl student, quiet room nr. Victoria, pref. with family. Breakfast, dinner. State terms. Box 8876.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

OXFORD grad., 23, sks. flat/rm./p.g. from Aug. 12, cent. London pref.; parking space apprec. Replies aft. Aug. 4. Box 8526.

LITERARY woman reqs. 2 unfurn. or semi-furn. rooms, k. & b., London. Cd. give occas. help, sec., cook, baby-sit. Box 8802.

WANTED by student, quiet room, breakfast, dinner. In Home Counties, fortnight from Aug. 6. State terms. Box 8877.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

MUSWELL Hill: to let 3-room furn. flat inc. lge. kit.; H. & C., frig. Tel., use bthrm., pleasant outlook. £3 10*s*. Box 8786.

FURNISHED flat. Two rooms, kit., dinette, bath, garden, garage. Yearly. LIB. 6157.

YOUNG University lecturer & wife require S/C. flat, 1 or 2 rooms, K. & B., any district, from August 29. Moderate rent. Sturmey, Toynbee Hall, London, E.1.

TWO or three English business ladies urgently require furnished flat within 30 minutes' travel West End. Quiet, reliable applicants. Excellent references. 'Phone FRE. 5790.

CANADIAN prof. woman sks. unfurn. flat. Could pay dollars. KEN. 4094.

OXFORD. Univ. Lecturer, wife, baby req. rented house/flat Sept. on. Box 8833.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

ROSS-on-Wye 7 miles. Owing to illness: attractive stone, slated, freehold cottage, beautiful position, 8 rooms, ½ acre garden, fruit trees. Must sell quickly. No reasonable offer refused. Box 8785.

AMERSHAM Old Tn. The most beautiful early Georgian house in Amersham. Perfect cond., c.h., 4 recep. rms., 5 bedrms., 2 bathrms. S/C. 2nd floor flat. Walled gdn. 1 hr. London. £7,500. Box 8716.

AUTHOR'S detached 17th century house. 3 bed., 2 recep., kit., bath., garage. 1 acre. £1,450. Cooper, Willow House, Thelnetham, Diss, Norfolk.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

OF outstanding interest! Newly discovered letters by Frederick Engels, never before published, addressed to Laura Lafargue (daughter of Karl Marx) and to her husband. First series dealing with British politics in 1889 and 1890 begin in August "Labour Monthly." Order 1*s*. 6*d*. all newsagents. Or ensure getting the whole series by postal subscription (9*s*. half-yearly, from NS. 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3).

HEINE: "Versions & Perversions" 14 political poems tr. by C. H. Sisson. Gaberbocchus. 2*s*. 6*d*.

LONDON Broadsheet requires poems, short stories, polemic, and subscriptions. (6*d*. monthly; 8*s*. 6*d*. annually). 19 Drylands Rd., London, N.8.

THE Ruth Ellis and Emmett-Dunne cases. Read "A Matter of Opinion," by Edward Wilson, a Lecture Play dealing with the argument for Plural Marriage (or Collateral Marital Union) for both sexes, as a method of prevention of needless frustration and consequent ill-health throughout the community. 4*s*. 6*d*., p. 3*d*. Cloth 8*s*. 6*d*., p. 5*d*.; Author, BCM/STTG, Monomark Hse., Lond., W.C.1.

OUR List No. 13 (History, Literature, etc.) sent on request: Librairie Française, 17 Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WE buy libraries of any description; particularly on Left movements & Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8*s*. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

THE Town & Country Day School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (Primrose 4306.) Small group of weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educated for General Certificate of Education and the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

WHITTON Dene House (Twickenham-Isleworth area). Nursery-Infant School (3-8 yrs.). Recog. by Froebel Foundation & Min. of Educ. Open-air life in acre gdn. & orchard. Buses 33 & 203. HOU. 4430.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Duplicator, new, portable, £12.

WANTED: French Linguaphone; "In Parenthesis," D. Jones. (2nd-hand.)

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 3s. first, 10d. each additional word, and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5*s*. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2*s*. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last 2 days. Evgs. 6.30. Sn. 7. Mary Ellis, Mary Morris, "Mourning Becomes Electra." Mems.

UNITY Th. EUS. 5391. "Peacemeal," Unity revue. Fris. Sats. Sns. 7.45. Mems.

"MADAME Butterfly"—Royal Festival Hall. New Film Version in Technicolor. Actors from Takarazuka School & Stars, Chorus & Orchestra of Royal Opera House, Rome. Suns. July 31, Aug. 7, 14, 21, at 4.30 & 7.30 p.m.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until July 31: "Aan—Savage Princess" (A). Aug. 1: "The Sound Barrier" (U). Aug. 4: "The Conquest of Everest" (U).

NATIONAL Film Th., South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., July 30. Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy in "Adam's Rib" (A). Dir.: George Cukor. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to Public.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group, Sat., July 30, 8-11. Members 3*s*., their guests 5*s*.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. B.B.C. presents 61st Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 17. Tickets: 8*s*. 6*d*., 7*s*. 6*d*., 5*s*., 3*s*. 6*d*. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2*s*. 6*d*., available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1*s*. 6*d*., post free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Original Pavilion furniture lent from Buckingham Palace by gracious wish of H.M. the Queen. Gold plate and silver by Regency craftsmen. The State and Private apartments completely furn. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily, inc. Sunday.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. "Man, Machine and Motion." An Iconography of Speed and Space. Mon-Fri. 10.30-6. Sat. until 1. 1*s*. Mems. free. Closing July 30.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Chinese Scroll Paintings by David Kwok. Wkdays, 10-4.30. Suns 2.30-6. Extended to Aug. 21. Daily demonstrations by artist. Adm. free.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Paintings by Singapore Artists until Aug. 21. Wkdys. 10-4.30. Sats. 10-5. Suns. 2.30-6. Admn. free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Summer Exhib. British & French Artists.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. A Group of XXth-Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Last week.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street W.1. Names to Remember: Painters of the Gallery.

MODERN Furniture and Furnishings for Bed-sitting Room by well-known designers. Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

ARCHER Gall., 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Pamela Beves. Till Aug. 6. Tu.-Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Closed Mon.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

WELCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Summer Exhibition of 1955. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes Aug. 27.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Millichip, Souza, Christoforou, King, Weatherson: recent work.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise. Annual event at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Place, W.1. Summer Exhibn., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mondriaan, 1872-1944: retrospective exhibition. Opens August 6. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Patriotism in decline." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., July 31, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., July 29, 8 p.m. I. Motchaloff & D. Lesko, "Russian & Western Music," illustrated talk. End of season; Club reopens Sept. 16.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lect., Sun., 8 p.m. July 31: "What Happens at Death?"

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Satprakashananda, Head of Vedanta Centre, *St.* Louis, speaks at Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., Aug. 4, 7.30. On Suns. at 5 at Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Meditation & Discourse. All welcome

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. Aug. 6 at 6 p.m. S. P. Van der Schoot: "In Holland Today."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

IPPOLIT Motchaloff, Concert Pianist, piano lessons. Wigmore Hall Studios, W.1.

ADV. and Ord. Level Courses for London University General Certif. of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), also preparation for B.A., M.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B. and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all other Examining Bodies). Low fees, instalments. Prosp. from Registrar (70), University Correspondence College, Burlington House, Cambridge.

SECRETARIAL Training Fees. Londoners £28 per annum (under 18 free). North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.5. GULliver 1154.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College, 62 Bayswater Rd., W.2. Tel. PAD. 3320. Director: H. R. Light, B.Sc., F.C.I.S. Comprehensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Appointments Bureau. Prospectus on application to Secretary.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3*d*., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for univ. graduates. Day and residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., London, N.W.3.

TYPEWRITING. Touch-typing in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1, Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others, 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards), London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

NINE star speakers on "What Labour Should Do." Fabian Summer School, Farnham. August 13-20. Details: 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

THINKERS' Holiday Organisation. 1955 Summer School: "Democracy in the Atomic Age," Buxton, August 13-27. Speakers include H. J. Blackham, Prof. E. Devons, Prof. S. E. Finer, the Rev. G. J. G. Grieve, Wilfrid Harrison, Sir Will Lawther, Prof. H. Levy, D. A. Routh. For details apply to T. H. O., 8 Kenton St., London, W.C.1. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

EXPERIMENTS in creative process at Braziers Summer School, Aug. 19- Sept. 2 at Ipsden, Oxon. Send card for details.

A "FOREIGN" Holiday in Britain. Enjoy a house party holiday in international atmosphere and improve your French, German or Spanish. Sussex, Wales or Cornwall. August/September. Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL

MATHS Wrangler seeks any type work, mid-Aug. to end Sept. Box 8738.

PERSONAL—continued

THE Ox on the Roof, 353 Kings Road, Chelsea, will be closed from August 8, re-opening August 30.

AUTHOR'S Super Caravan. Complete Home. Spacious Lounge with double Put-u-up, 2 end bedrooms, large kitchen, toilet. All as new. 30 miles London. £600 (cost £900), or £200 down. Box 8452.

SPELLING reform, world lang. Opinions invtd. V.L.A., 17 Midland Rd., Leeds, 6.

SPAIN: Vacancies in party to Tossa, Reus, Barcelona, Sept. 11-25. £30 15*s*. inclusive. Also Germany, Italy, Switzerland. International Friendship League (NS), 3 Cromwell Rd., London, S.W.7.

EDINBURGH, Aug. 27-Sept. 3. Double. Tickets ballet, theatre, 3 concerts & rail. Hotel dep. paid £13. Box 8791.

ITALIAN gent. wishes spend some months as P.G. in Eng. family. MAI. 8215.

JOIN house party. Informal. gay for young/prof. business people. Box 7911.

BACHELOR Schoolmaster seeks vac. work: shorthand/typing, anything. Box 8857.

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